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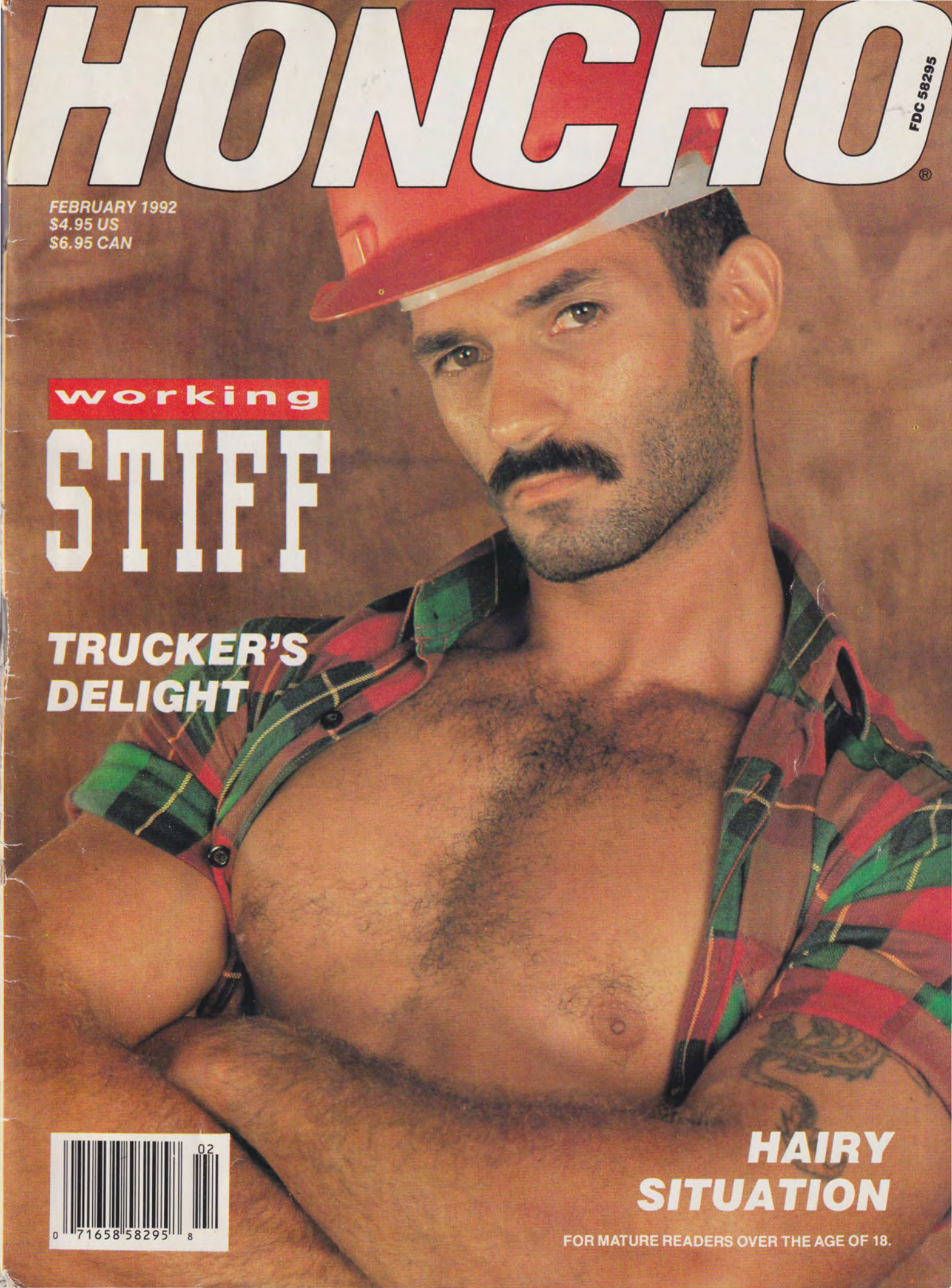

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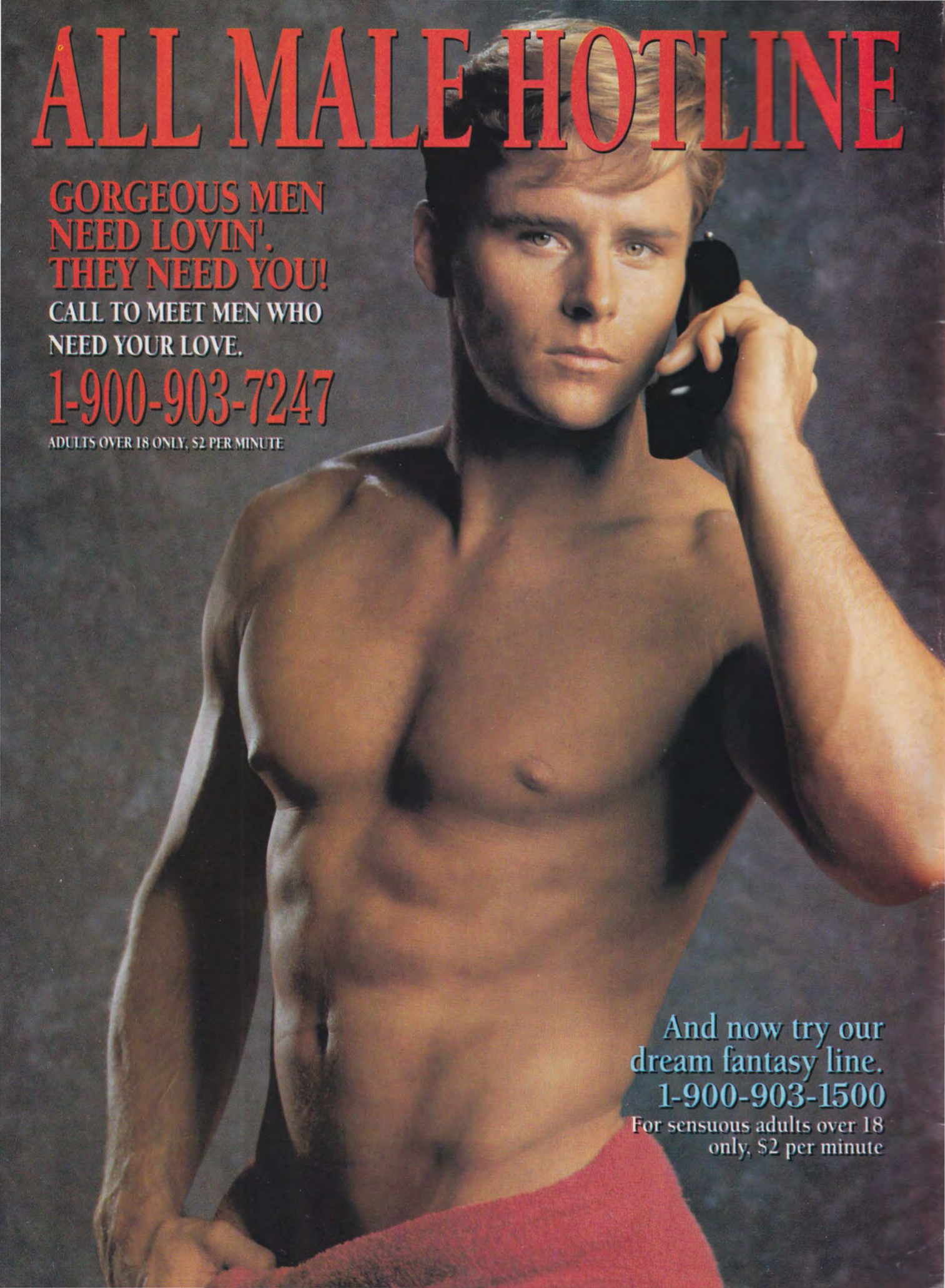
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Cum along for a test-drive!

The Used Car Salesman

By Derek Adams

y old heap had been holding on out of sheer habit for over a year, but it was still a shock when I got in it the other morning and nothing happened. I mean *nothing*! I got out and checked the engine, hoping for nothing more than a loose wire or a simple carburetor problem. But the cold hard fact of the matter was that the car was gone. I took the bus to work for the rest of the week. But the ride added about two hours to my day. And when you're already pulling a ten-hour shift, that don't cut the mustard. I held out till the weekend. Then, on Saturday morning, I combed the used car lots for a replacement.

By four o'clock that afternoon I'd hauled my ass through about fifteen lots and seen nothing but crap. I didn't have a whole lot of money to spend, what with alimony payments and all, but I had to have dependable transporation to get out to the factory every day. Most places I went, I had to put up with these jerk-off salesmen in plaid pants who looked at you like you were there to steal hubcaps instead of to buy a damned car. When they'd hear how much I could afford to spend, the bastards would try to foist off junk that was damn near as bad as what I already had sitting in my driveway. By the time I dragged my butt into *Honest Al's*, I was not in the best of moods.

"Hello, sir. Welcome to *Honest Al's*. What can I fix you up with today?"

I looked over at the dude who was hollering at me from halfway across the damned lot. The other salesmen were leaning up against cars in the shade, shooting the shit, and I could tell right away that the guy heading my way was low man on the totem pole around there. First off, he was young—probably just a couple of years out of high school. Second of all, he looked desperate to make a sale—which was more than you could say for the rest of the old farts hanging back in the shade.

The bastard was also goodlooking, so long as you could ignore the cheap polyester pants and the thrift-store tie. He had real thick, brown hair that fell down over his forehead and big, sort of innocent-looking blue eyes. His lips were full and soft and he'd been hanging around on the lot long enough to have a decent tan. The closer he got, the better he started to look, making my big old schlong start tingling from one end to the other. I jammed my hands into the back pockets of my jeans and scowled as he approached, reminding myself that I wanted a fucking car, not a date with the goddamned salesman.

"I'm Bob Willis," he said when he got about two feet from me. He was grinning eagerly, looking like he wasn't going to let me get away without a struggle.

"I'm in the market for some dependable transportation," I said gruffly, looking him square in the eyes. "I don't want nothing fancy, but I want the fucker to run regular."

"Certainly, sir. I think I can get you fixed right up," he said, scanning the lot. "I've got a real honey over here." I let him lead the way, watching his tight asscheeks flex under those ugly plaid pants. His hips were narrow and his ass swelled out like a couple of nice ripe melons, making my thoughts stray from the issue at hand. "What do you think of this baby?" He stopped beside a car and put his hand on the fender.

"Piece of shit," I snorted. It was two years older than the heap I currently owned and the paint was badly faded. A surprised expression registered on the salesman's face, then he shrugged his shoulders and led me to a different car.

About three cars later, I noticed that Willis was checking me out as thoroughly as I was inspecting the wrecks he was showing me. He couldn't seem to decide whether to stare at my arms or my crotch. My arms are big—you don't work on a loading dock for ten years, wrestling heavy crates, without building up pretty massive muscles. But it amazed me that every time I'd point at something, or stretch or even twitch, his eyes would rivet on my biceps. It got to the point that I started flexing them, just to see his eyes get bigger.

As far as my crotch went—well, that didn't have nothing to do with working. I'd given it more than its fair share of exercise over the years, but it had always stayed the same—eleven inches long and as big around as a good-sized salami. I had it tucked down nice and snug against the left thigh. But Willis kept on checking to be sure it hadn't disappeared or anything.

"I think this is the car for you, Mr. McIntyre," he enthused, leaning against a Chrysler job that looked like it had wanted to be a sports car but hadn't quite made it.

I shook my head and kicked one of the tires. "It don't look too bad," I grudgingly admitted. "Is it going to get me more than six blocks off the lot?"

"It sure is," Willis nodded, already starting to count his commission. "It's a hell of an automobile for three thousand bucks."

"You gonna give me a guarantee?"

"Hey, I'd bet my ass on this car. No way you'll regret this bargain. What

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

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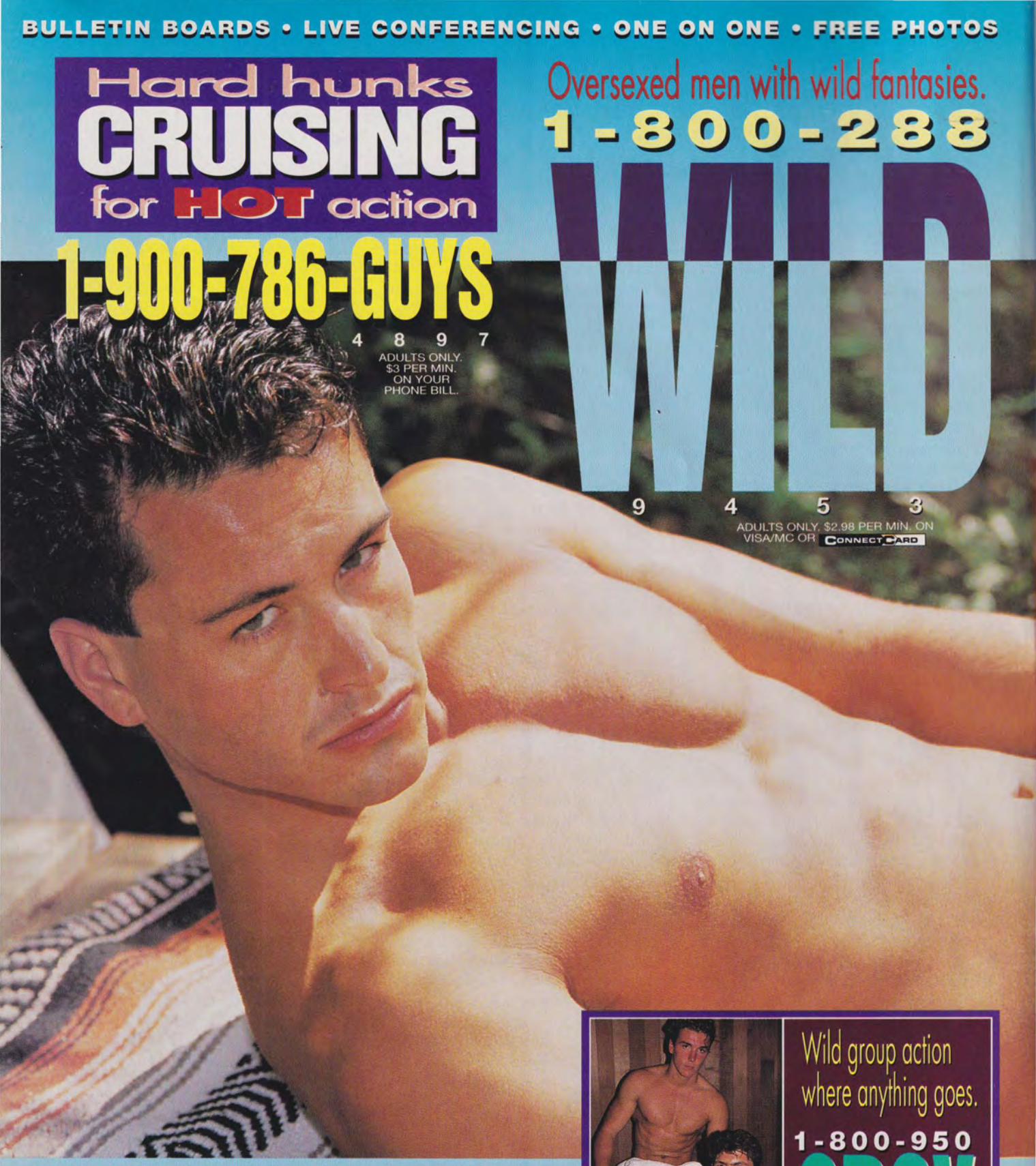

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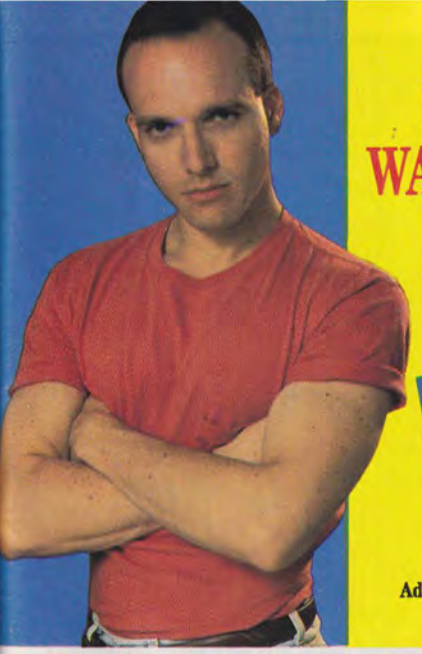

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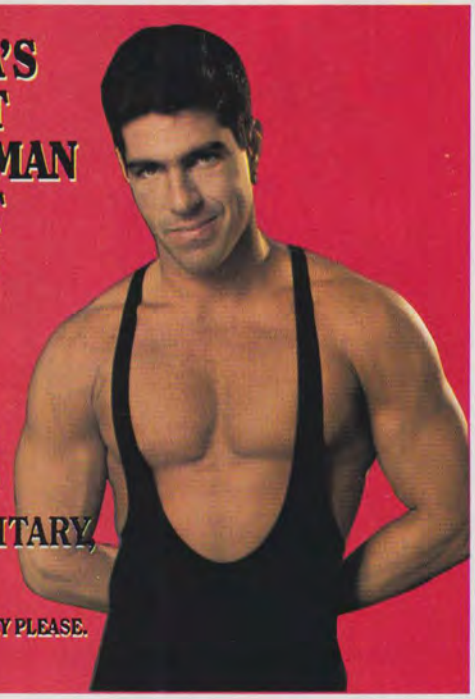

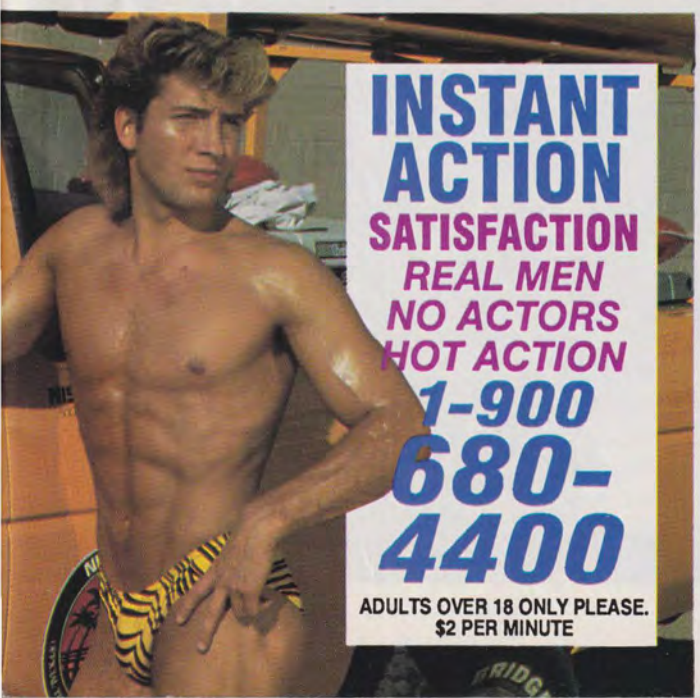

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Basic training is what it's all about...

OPERATION MANHOOD

At nineteen I ran away from home—make that: from my father—and joined the Army. With no job prospects, it seemed my only way to escape. Naturally, I was afraid of what I'd find in boot camp. But it turned out I was in for a surprise.

I thought as I walked through camp that first day: what a fucking homosexual paradise! The place reeked of my father's idea of masculinity: men as tough s-o-b's, men as fighters, men with hard bodies, stiff upper lips and (what I wanted) stiff dicks. Even guys who'd leave me cold in civilian life sizzled now, because of all the military gear and crew cuts and butch attitude.

I didn't expect to be so turned on. I knew I'd better be careful or I would lose it right from the start. And when I checked into my barracks I found I had to sleep with seven of the biggest hunks every night. Skip, Steve, Phil, Dave, Terry, Hawk, and Gary: their innocent names couldn't hide the fact they were really seven cock-bearing weapons systems. Each a different size, shape and payload.

I practiced being a "man". Firm handshakes, low voice, lots of "man's" and "shit's" and "fuck's." Never look 'em straight in the eye, and absolutely never below the belt. I was on my best behavior as I shook their hands. But they were looking me up and down, like I was the latest arrival at some bar.

"What's your name?" Skip demanded.

"Davey...uh David."

"Well you ain't got no meat on your bones, Davey," Skip said. "You're fuckin' gonna get crushed."

Skip was wearing only snug khaki shorts and it was obvious he was talking about meat from first-hand knowledge. His torso was thick and tanned, thighs powerful, and butt solid muscle. He had a butch all-American face and a dirty-blond crew cut. Razor-cut into the back of his head was SLAM!

I quickly turned away, only to be caught up by black Terry, who looked me up and down as he shook my hand. "They don't feed you much around here, you know. You're gonna have ta find somethin' else ta eat if you wanna keep up your weight."

Terry wore only white briefs, showing off his big basket and his sleek smooth black skin. The perfect definition of his chest rippled as he shook my hand several seconds longer than he should have. I felt the hot sexy warmth of his touch and all I could think of was getting fucked.

Terry and Skip seemed to exchange knowing looks.

I went to the john to take care of my erection, only to learn the harshest reality of military life: no privacy. The toilets were right out in the open, no door to hide and shoot against like you could in the high school john. I had to piss down my hard-on and go back to the bunks even hornier than before.

Skip and Terry were arm-wrestling now. They both had huge sexy biceps, swelling bigger and bigger as they strained. So did my poor cock, heating up again as I watched them sweat and gasp and grunt.

Hawk, a wiry strong guy with a beard and dark hair on his chest and legs, noticed me noticing. He bent his arm to show me his Popeye muscle. It had a heart tattooed on it, like my father's, throbbing as he flexed.

"You wanna wrestle?" he said. "Bet you can't even make a muscle." I did my pitiful best and he laughed.

After a week of running, jumping, crawling, climbing and swimming, my body was stronger and tougher. But my cock was even harder. It was impossible to find a private place to jerk off during the day, and when I tried it at night I was too exhausted.

But thankfully, inspiration, or desperation, came to the rescue.

During one of our usual run-climb-crawl-swim orgies, I looked across the river and saw the firing range. I realized that if I walked down the bluff and swam across the river, it would save hours of ball-breaking exercise, and give me time for some jerking-off pleasure.

I let the others get well ahead and I swam across. Instead of climbing back up, I walked down the shore a ways. Several hundred yards down, there was a little shack that looked like the perfect hideaway.

The door wasn't locked. It was too dark to see inside but I knew immediately I wasn't alone. A flashlight shined in my eyes. The light swung away from my eyes to the sexiest sight I'd ever seen: a huge erect cock with a thick vein running up the shaft, lying flat up against a tight muscular belly.

"Tell me I've got some fuckin' piece of meat," the man in the dark ordered.

"You've got some fuckin' piece of meat, man."

"You'd like to see it shoved into your mouth, wouldn't you?"

By David Stefano

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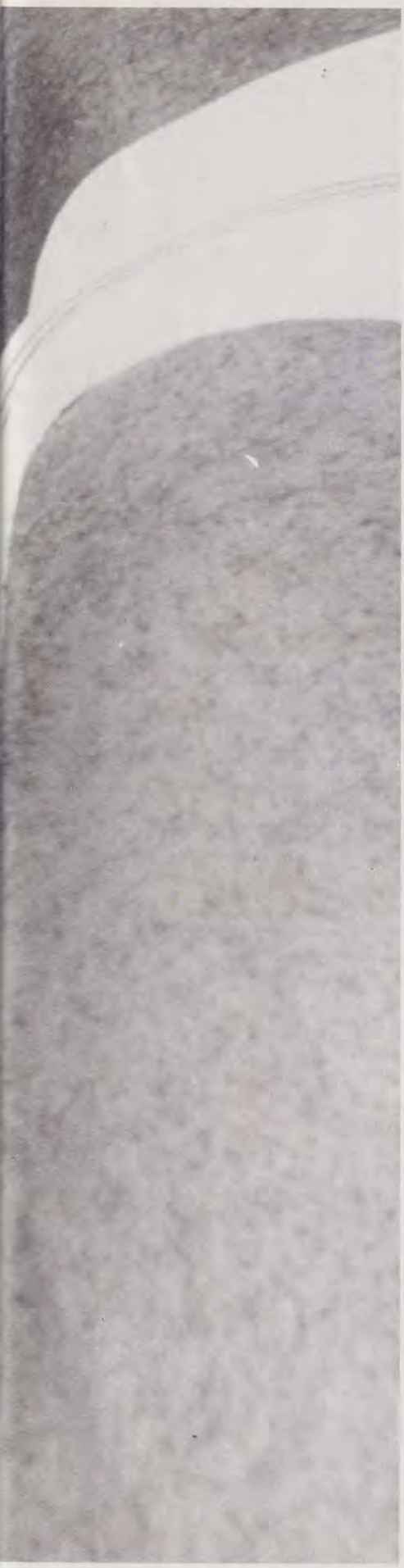

"Yeah," I gasped.

He turned off the flashlight and pulled me down. He took my head and guided it onto his dick. As if I'd have trouble finding that monster even in the dark!

"Oh yeah, man, take it all. I knew you wanted it the minute I saw you."

For some beautiful quiet minutes in the dark I sucked on that monster cock and wondered who the guy was. When his dick swelled that extra bit that meant it was getting ready to explode, he pulled out. I opened my eyes and looked up at his face, wondering what he was gonna do.

I was used to the dark now and I could see his chest, all swollen and manly, soaked with sweat. Then his face: it was Skip, the stud with the "SLAM!" haircut. I reached up to feel one of his tits, something I'd been dying to do all week. I worked them with my fingers, squeezing out the sweat, as my mouth went down on his cock again, still dripping with my saliva.

"You're all wet," he said, as my mouth sucked up that big dick as best it could. "Take off your clothes."

I was wet from the river and from sweating. It was uncomfortable, but I refused to let go of my mouthful to take them off. I'd wanted a real man in my mouth all my life and couldn't bear the thought of giving him up even for a second. I kept my head on his cock as I stripped, but he slipped out when I lost my balance taking my shoes off.

Skip turned the flashlight on again and set it on the ground. It pointed up toward the ceiling like a lamp. Now I could see the room was used to store gear for the water, mostly rubber rafts and wet suits, and some ammo for the firing range. Skip was lying totally naked in a partly blown-up raft, his cock sticking up like a giant rubber valve.

He was looking at me hard as I tossed aside my regulation green jockstrap. "Well, at least you've got more meat on your boner than on your bones! You've got a man's cock, now you've just got to learn how to use it."

"Shit, man. It's nothin' compared to yours. Yours is a fucking torpedo!"

Skip fumbled on the floor till he found what he wanted—a rope. He turned me over and pulled my hands around behind my back. I knew I should have fought back, but I knew this was part of the sexplay. I was putty in his hands, afraid, and excited.

He had just gotten the rough cord around my wrists when daylight streamed into the shack. Someone else had walked in—Hawk, the guy with the dark hair on his chest and legs, and the throbbing heart on his biceps.

"What the fuck's going on in here?"

"Get out, jerk," Skip yelled. "I've got me some hot ass!"

Hawk pulled me away and threw himself at Skip, knocking them both to the raft. "Shit, I haven't fucked in weeks. That piece of ass is mine!"

It was a real fight there for a while. Skip, with his smooth blond muscles, looked much stronger than the lean and wiry Hawk. But Hawk's tight body packed a real wallop. Skip kept grunting as he squirmed under his body. Hawk got a good grip on his cock and started pulling.

The light swung away from my eyes to the sexiest sight I'd ever seen: a huge erect cock with a thick vein running up the shaft, lying flat up against a tight muscular belly.

Finally Hawk unloaded Skip's weapon, holding him real tight while he yanked his dick. This sent a jet of cum from Skip's dick all the way up to Hawk's beard. Hawk kept yanking till he'd milked the other man dry. So, when he was done, Skip was done in. He grabbed his clothes and left without a word.

Hawk came up to me and started feeling my body. My chest, my legs, then my balls and cock, working his hand under to my asshole. My tied-up hands were back there too and he grabbed them.

"You let him do this, didn't you? Hasn't the army taught you to fight yet?"

"I'd do anything to get off!" I whimpered.

He pushed me down on the raft. "A real man has self-control. A man doesn't go down without a fight."

He took off his shorts and T-shirt.

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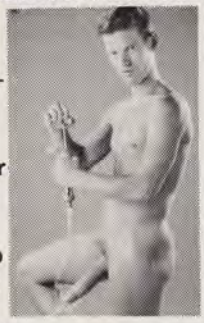

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His cock was a long dark thing. I love hard dick, but I love loose dick too, dangling between a man's legs.

"Oh please, man," I begged. "Fuck me." I rolled over and pointed my ass up at him.

He knelt down and stuck a thumb inside my asshole and worked it around. "You've been fucked before, I can tell. But you've never been fucked by a man. Otherwise you wouldn't be such a sissy."

He untied my hands and rolled me over roughly.

"You wanna see control? Play with my dick."

I reached over and took hold of it. It was smooth and hot. I fondled and stroked it. It was fuller and thicker now, but not hard. I figured he had one of those rubber dicks that were so long they never got rock-hard.

"Go ahead. Put it in your mouth."

I sucked greedily. Down to the root, trying to take in his fat balls too. He seemed to swell out a little fuller, but not any harder.

I reached over and took hold of it. It was smooth and hot. I fondled and stroked it. It was fuller and thicker now, and I sucked greedily. Down to the root, and trying to take in his fat balls too.

"Now watch." He slid his cock out of my mouth. He flexed the biceps with the heart on 'em, and pointed to his dick with his other hand. I watched open-mouthed as his dick got even longer and began to swing up all by itself. Past his thigh and his crotch, toward his naval, and beyond. Now it was a long thick rocket or, as he said, "A fuckin' guided missile!"

Hawk reached to a storage shelf and brought down a box filled with rubbers. He showed them to me. Some were military green, some were camouflage brown and green. The one he pulled out was on the orange side, with little rubber ribs on it.

"A Tomahawk cruise missile," he said. He pulled it over his cock, which made it look even bigger and more menacing, especially the hatchet head. "Why do you think they call me Hawk!"

He pushed my legs back over my head and guided his dick inside my asshole. Or maybe it guided itself. He didn't even touch it. He just spread his legs, moved his crotch in and the thick thing jammed right into my ass.

"Oh man, you've got a hot fucking ass!"

He went absolutely wild inside my ass, plunging deep and pulling out and plunging even deeper. Squirming around when he was inside all the way, scraping his dick hair against my ass. I'd never been fucked like this before.

He barely touched me anywhere else as he fucked. Our only connection was his cock thrusting in and out of my hole. I held onto my dick most of the time. Every now and then I reached up to feel his hard nipples or down to feel his big balls snug against his raging cock-shaft.

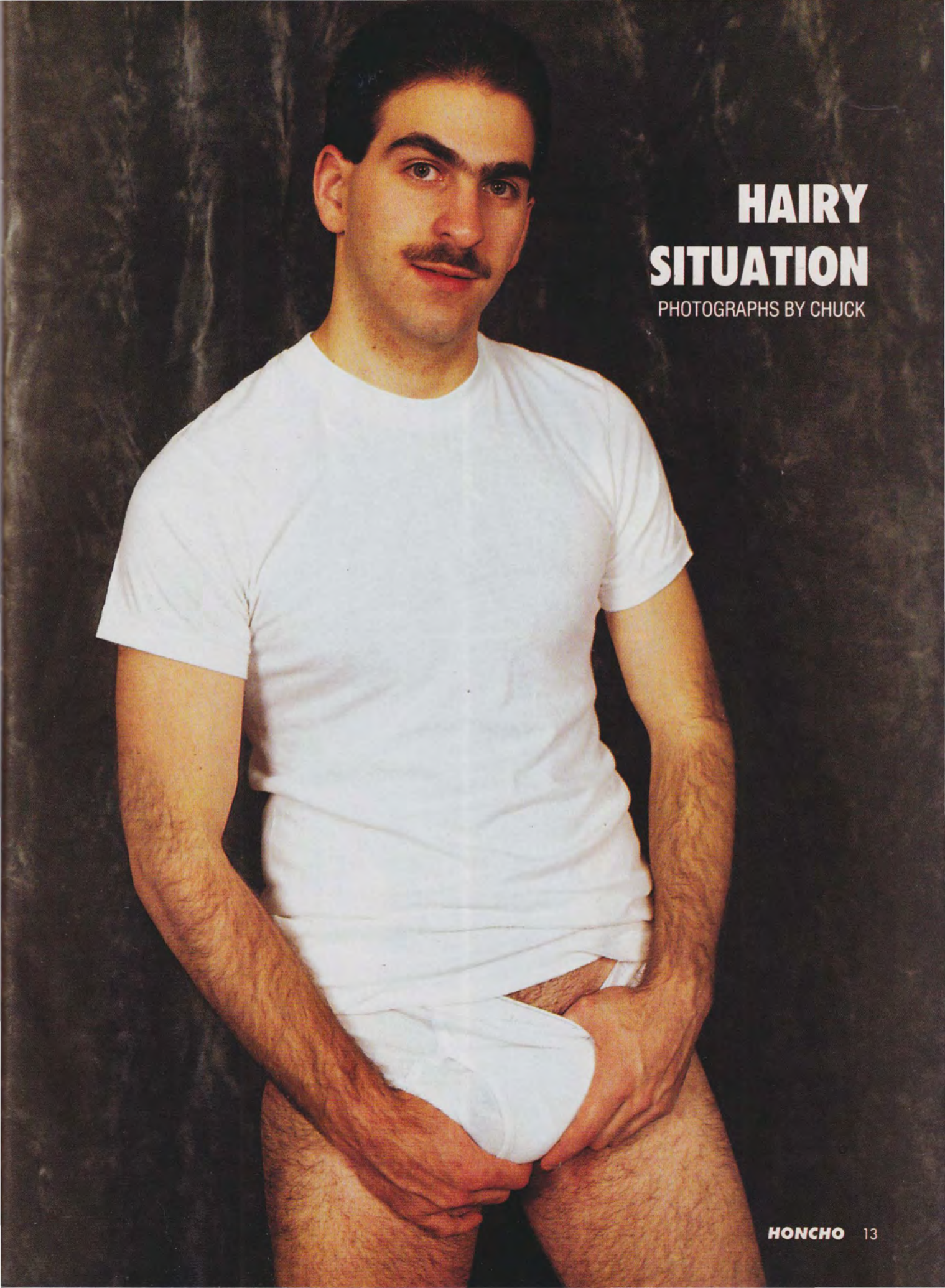
He was slamming me so hard that his cock seemed like a fucking B-52, pounding my ass on its search and destroy mission. Hawk was searching out and destroying my boyness, my weakness. He was making me a man!

He ravaged my ass for another ten minutes, gathering strength the whole time. My assignment was to lie back and enjoy it just short of the ultimate enjoyment. I had to let go of my dick, for fear I'd pull myself off. I watched my red meat bob helplessly as he fucked.

Hawk had me pinned down hard with his hands and pegged even harder with his cock. I was helpless. Then suddenly he pulled out of my ass, and pointed his dick at me, whipping off the rubber.

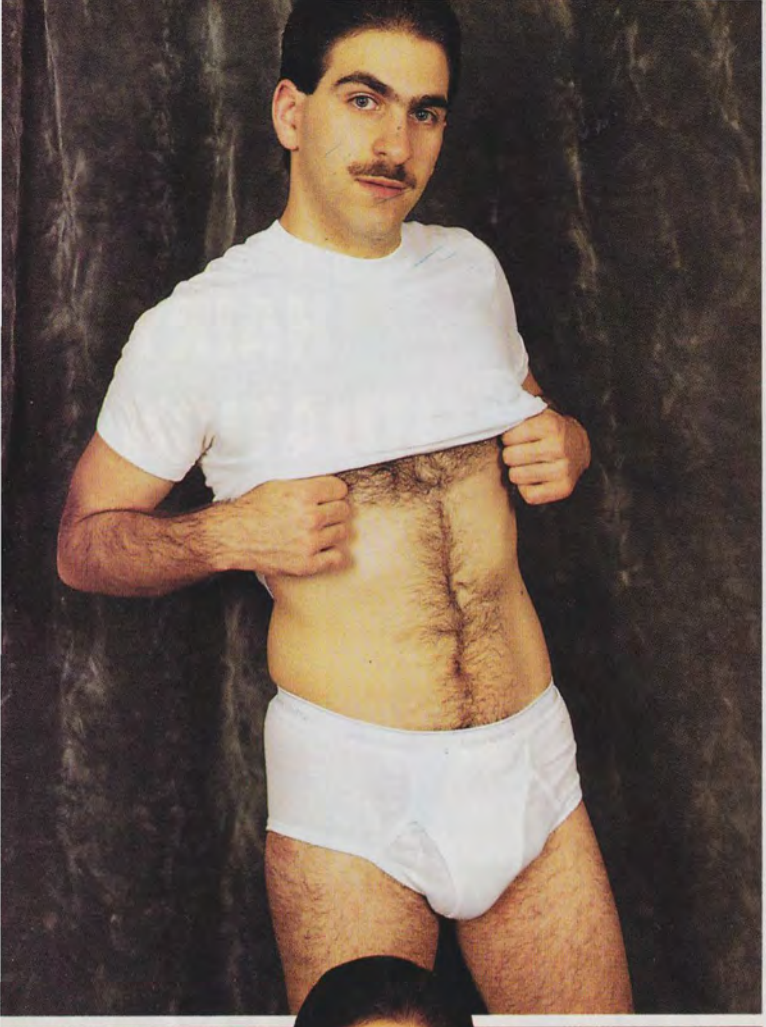
Hot liquid fire landed again and again on my asscrack, and I felt my cum swell up into my shaft and out my cockhead. I was cumming all over my torso. Hawk gripped my wrist harder, locked his mouth on mine and kept spitting fire on my ass.

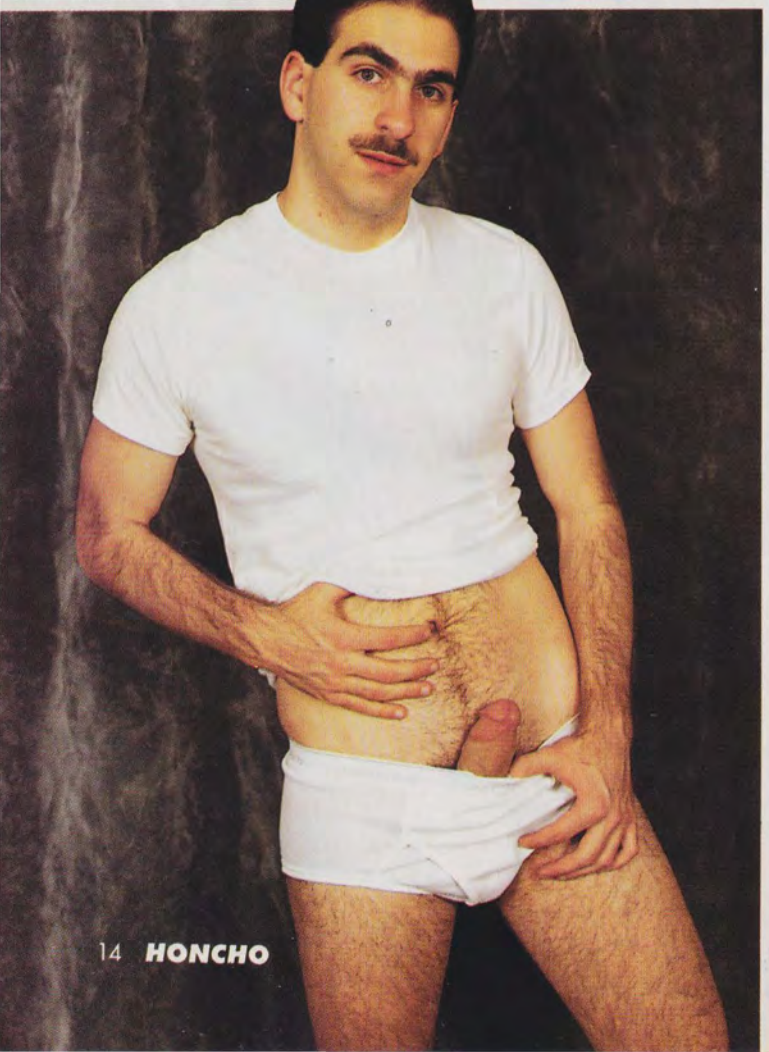
"Oh man, oh man," I said over and over, just loving being in his control. And that was just the start—Operation Manhood was just beginning and soon I'd be fucking some hot ass too! ■

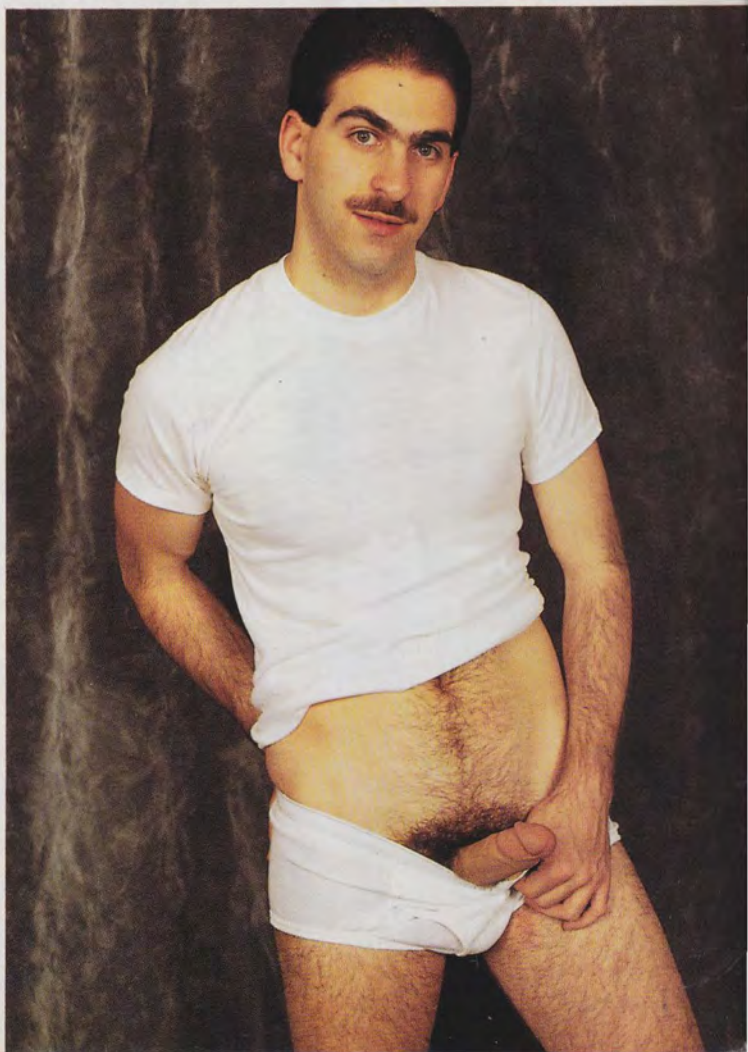


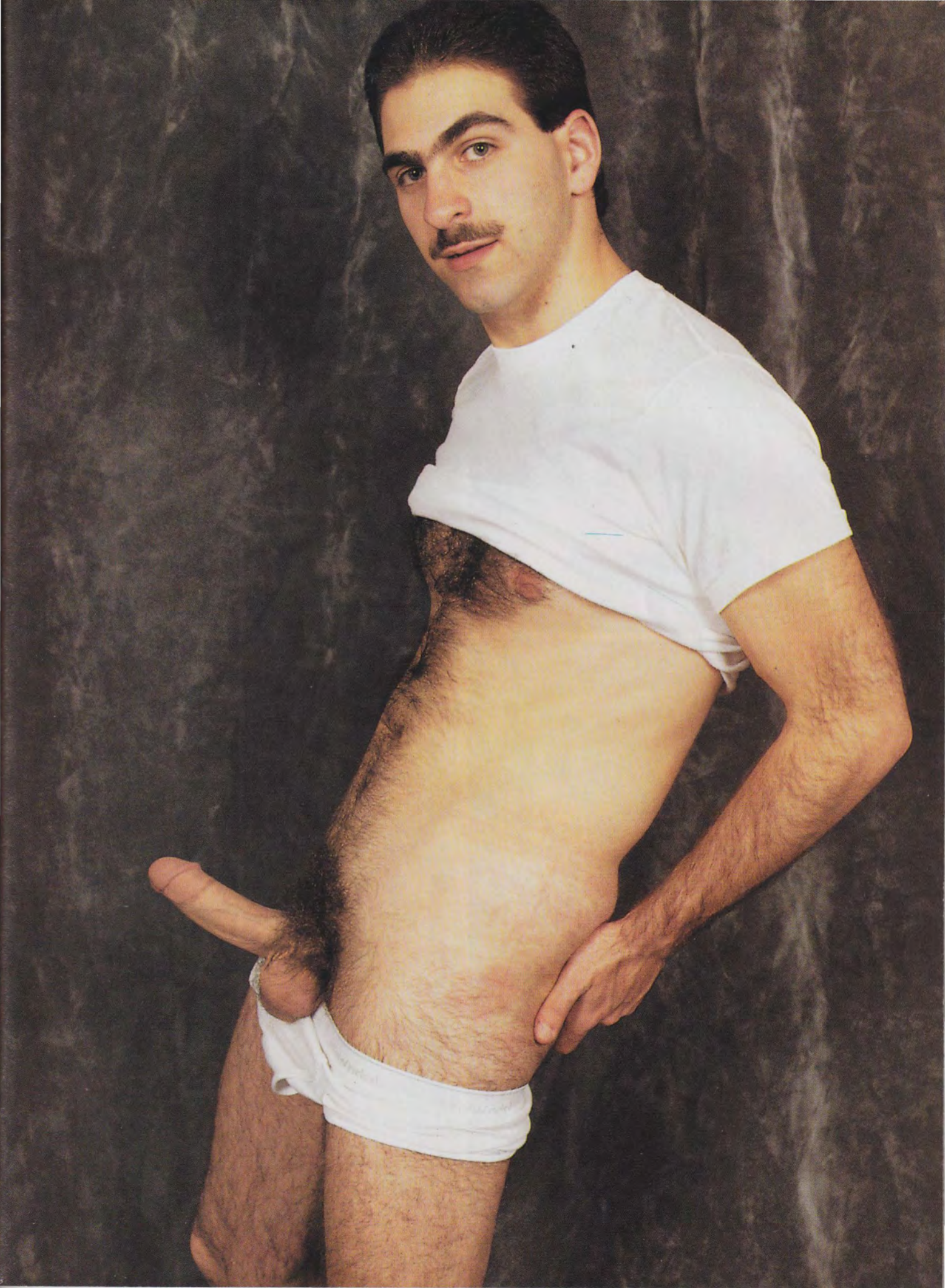
HAIRY SITUATION

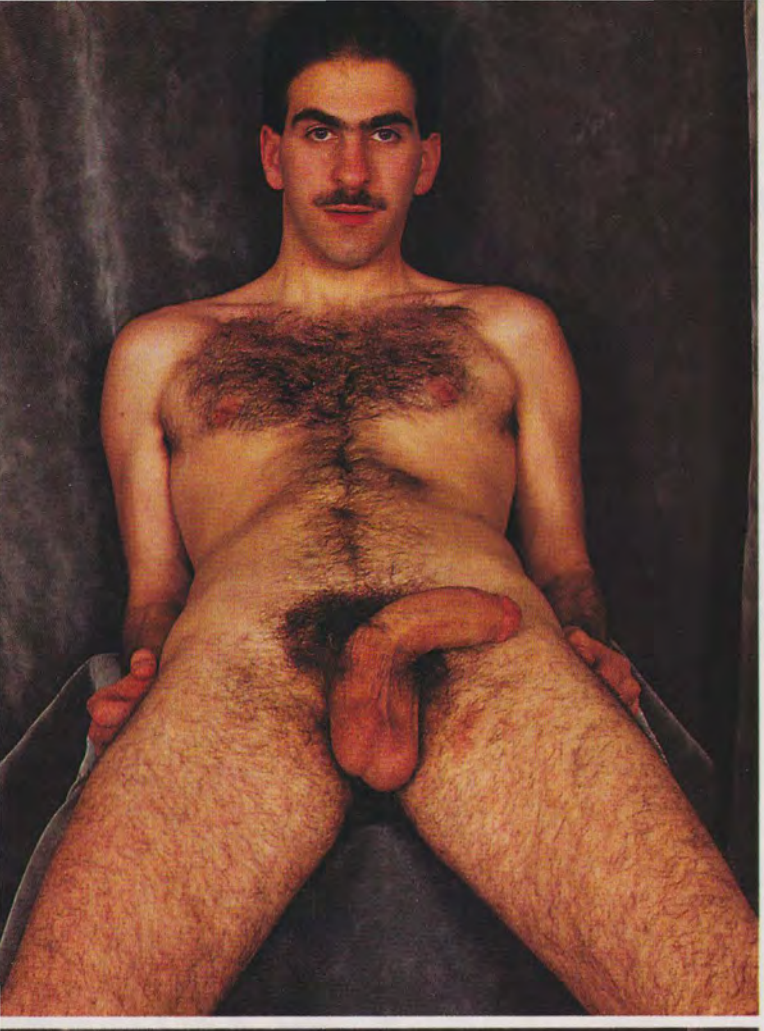
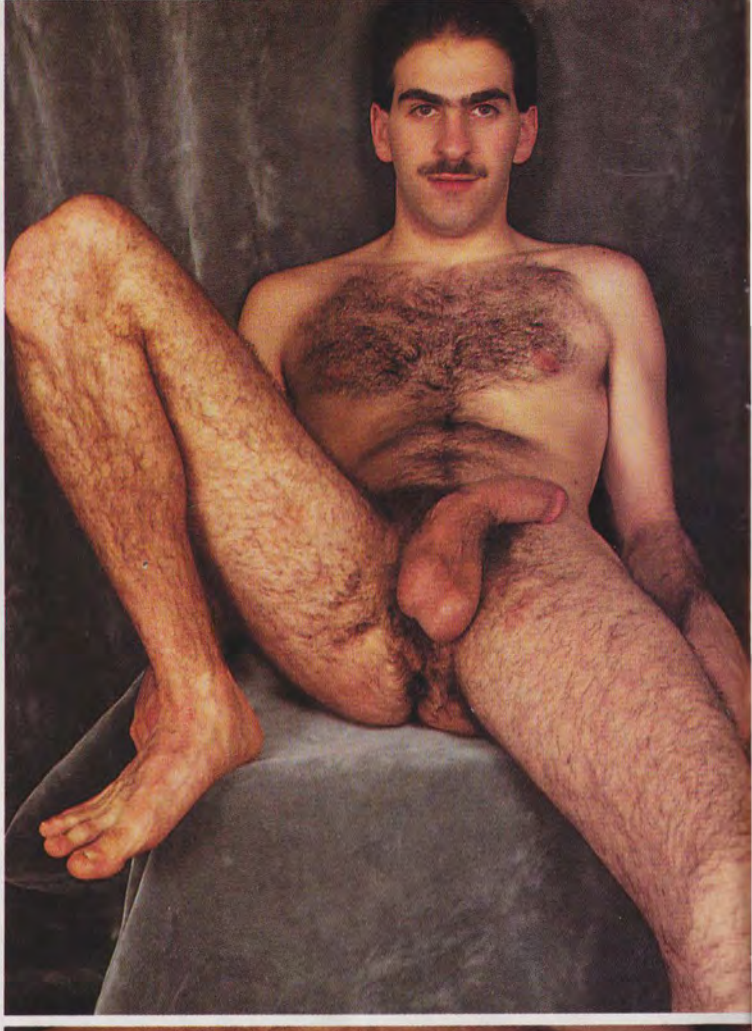
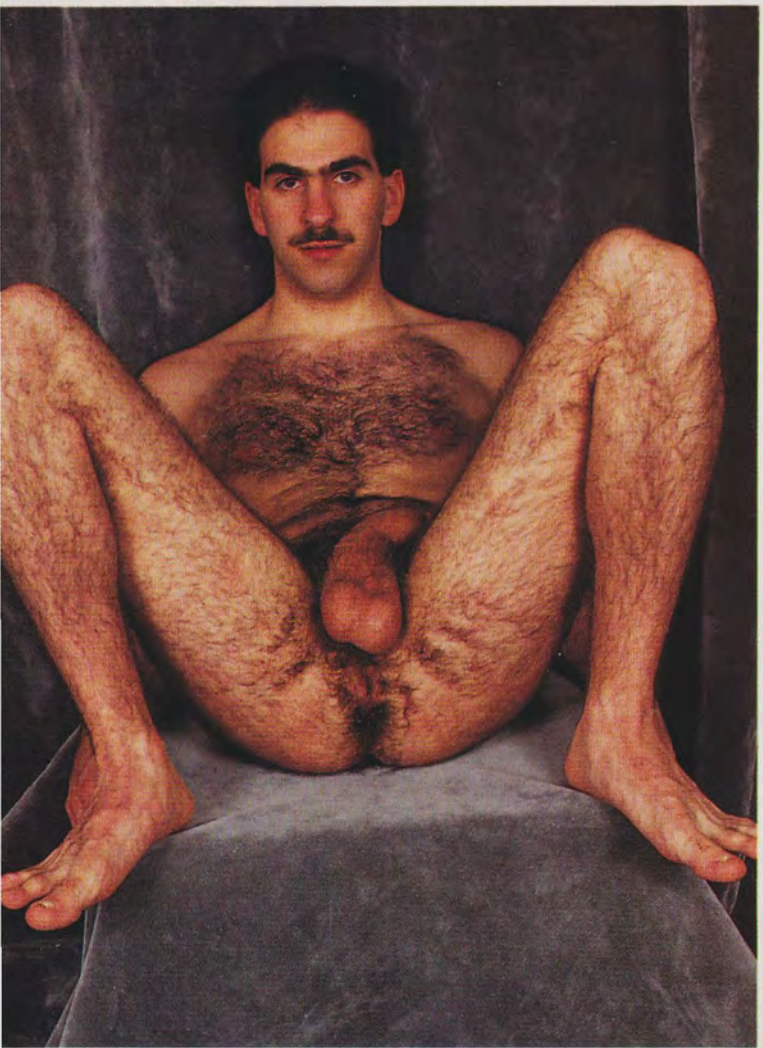
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUCK

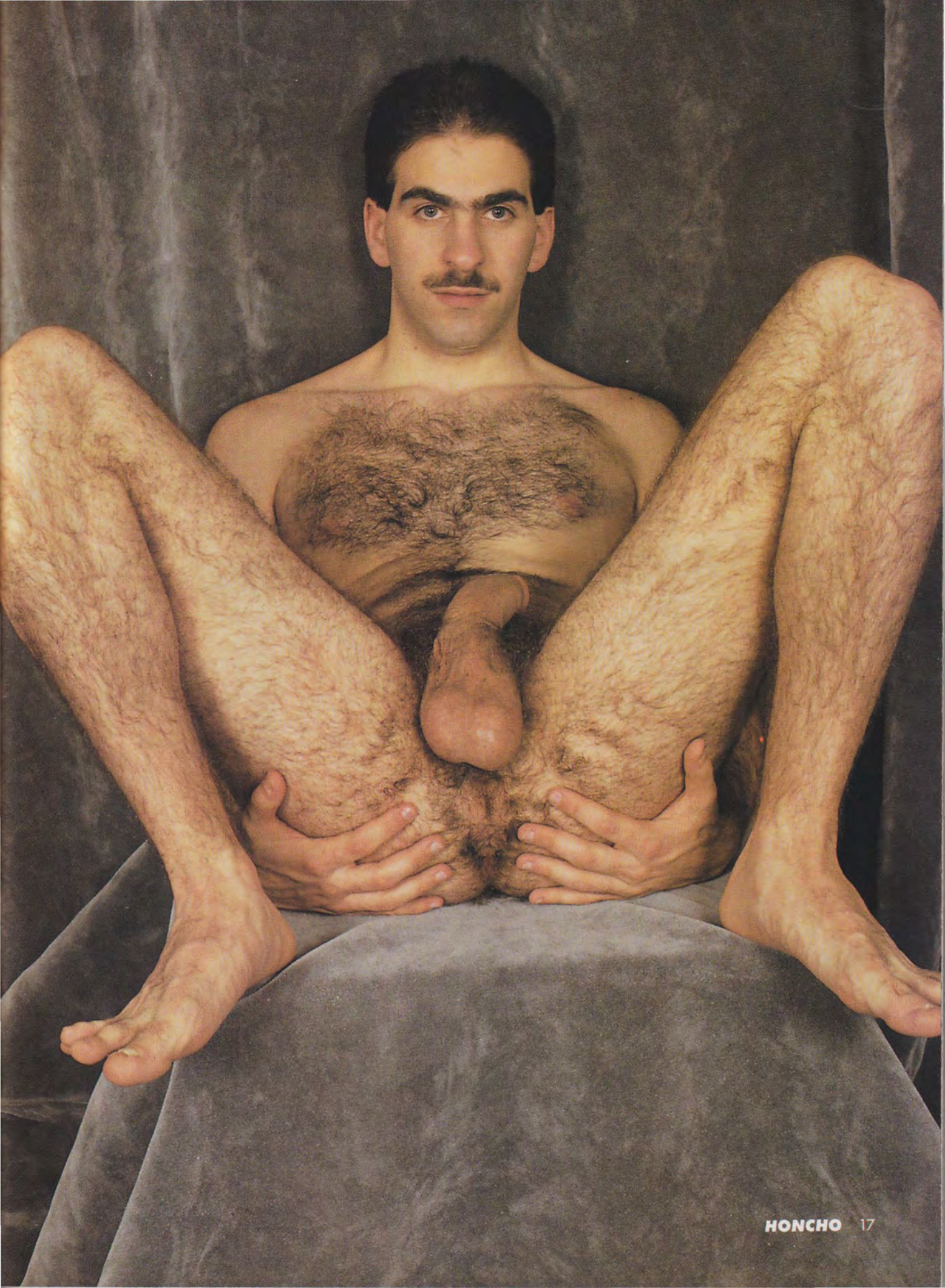


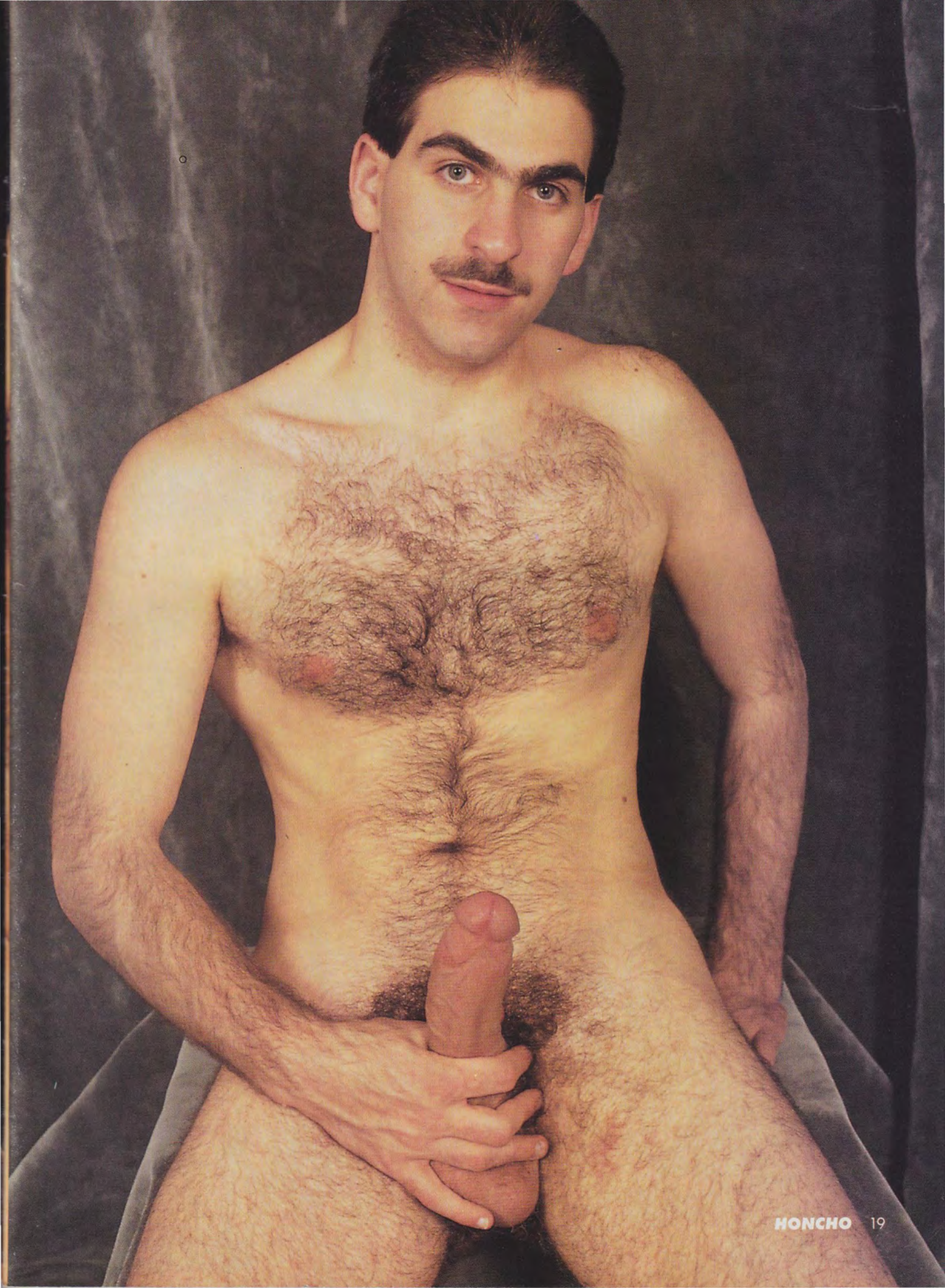


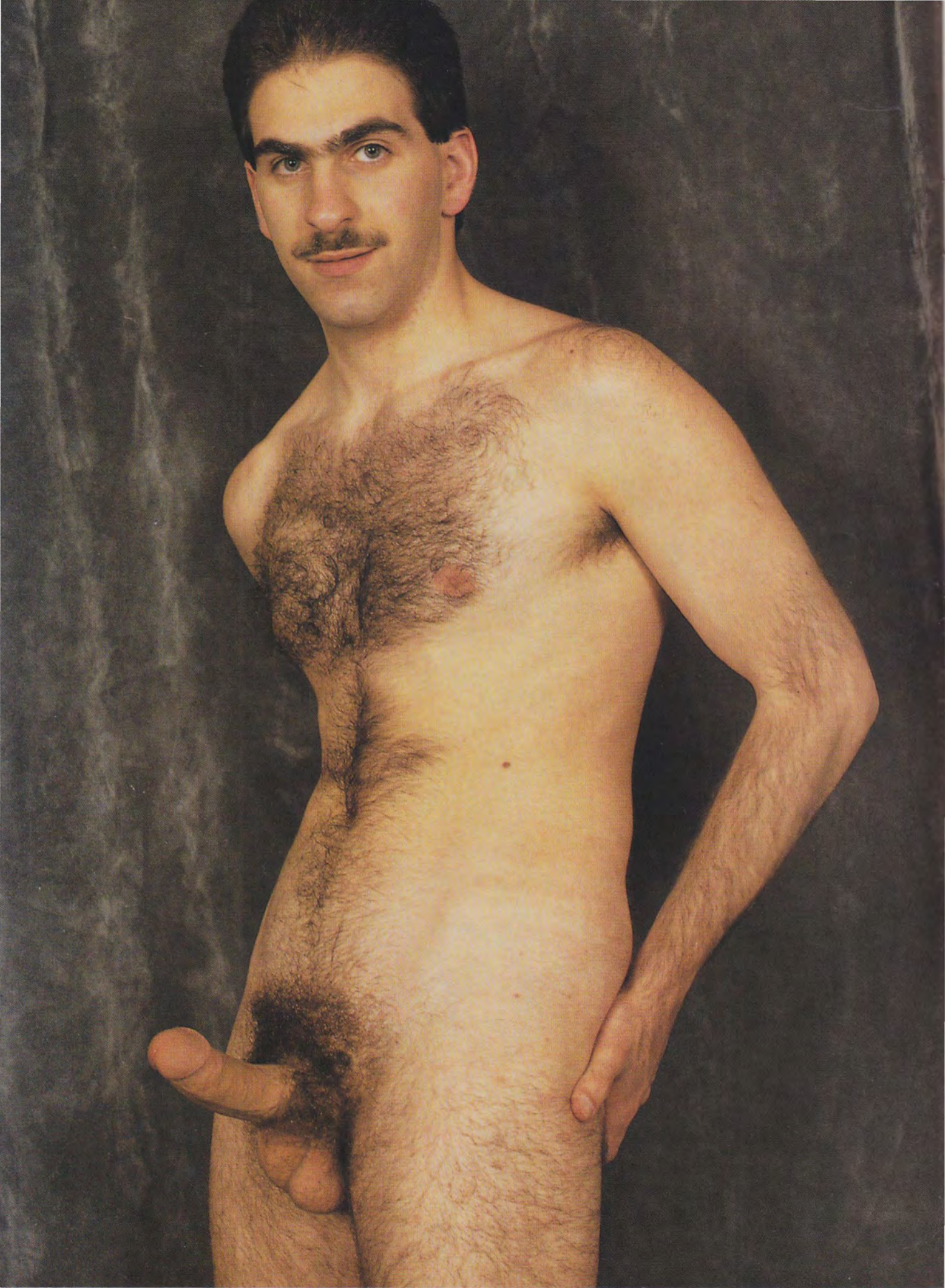










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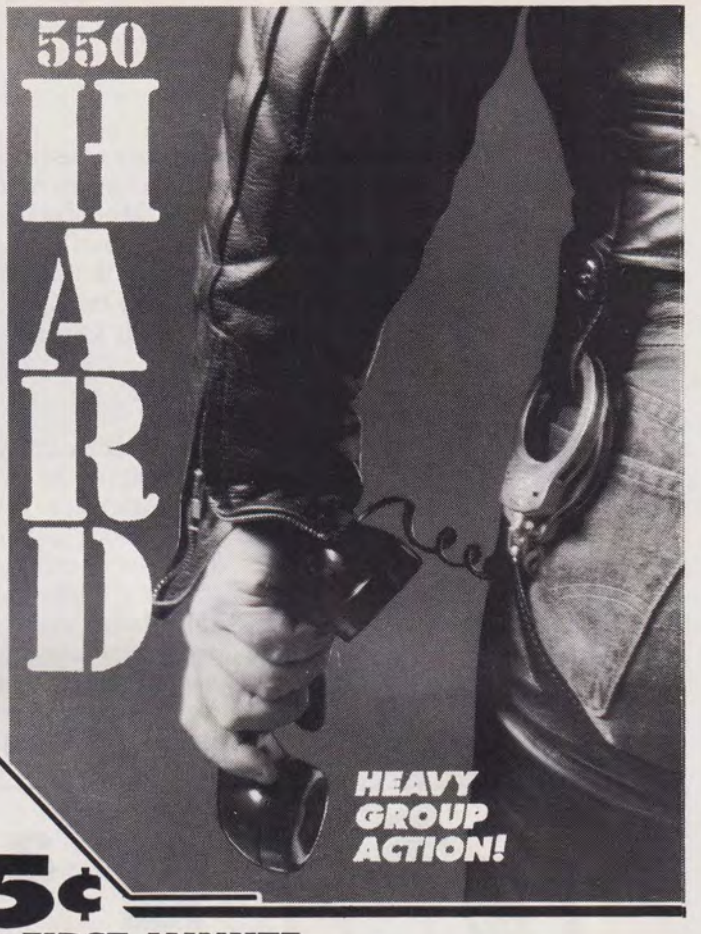

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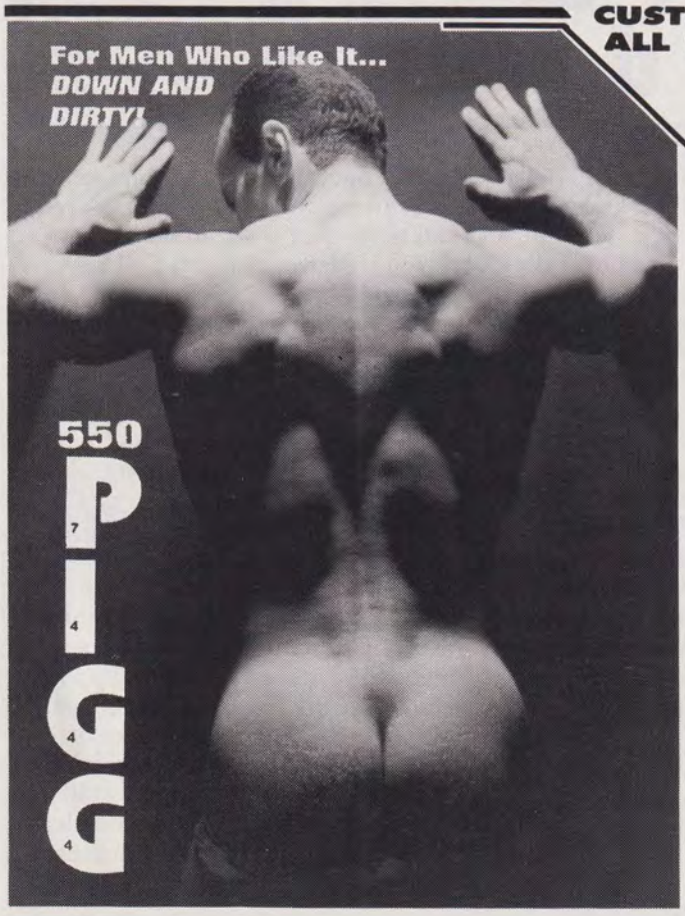

Looking for Daddy?

550 2000

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A salute to our men in blue!

A Square Pig in a Round Hole

By Don Abruzzi

Art by Matt

"I'y a oughta be able to make do on what I bring home," I keep tellin' her. After twenty years on the force, my cop's pay ain't a bad piece of change. Nothin' like the big-city boys are pullin' down, but for where we live—you might as well call it Squaresville, USA—it's a damn decent paycheck. So why the hell can't she manage our house and the bills on it? The old lady is always on my back about dough.

"I need more *money*, Lew." It's hardly passed from my mitt to hers, and she's after me for more. Same thing every week. Every payday.

"And just where the fuck do you think I'm gonna *get* it, Bonnie?"

"That's not my problem. *You're* the man. *You're* the one who's supposed to provide for us."

It's like being in a play that her 'n me put on every Friday night. Same words, same actions, same ending every time. She starts screamin' about how would *I* like to try runnin' a house, gettin' three kids through school, puttin' meals on the table, clothes on our backs, and payin' all the bills on what *I* hand over to her?

"You can check the friggin' paystub, if you don't believe me!" I always shout back at her. "Look at the figures! I'm givin' you every cent I make, for crissake! What more can I do?"

Then she stiffens up and stares me hard in the eye, taps her foot for a couple of seconds, an' tells me, "Maybe you should get a *second* job, Lew."

As *what?* What else can a cop do that's gonna pay any kind of decent money? Especially at night, after I've done my nine-to-five tour. Be a night watchman for minimum wage? Tend bar? Moonlight for some private security outfit?

Now I think I'm in pretty good shape for forty-two. I work out regular and my body's about the same as when I played tackle in high school. I always score high on the annual physical down at the station, so I know there's nothin' really wrong with me. But dammit all, I'm *tired* when I get off work. I've put in a long, hard eight hours and the last thing in the world I want to look forward to is draggin' my tired ass off to *another* job! I wanna come home, eat a good hot meal, pop the tops on some Buds, and fall asleep in front of the TV. Oh, and yeah. Once in a while I'd like a little pussy, too. And that's where the old lady *really* gets me.

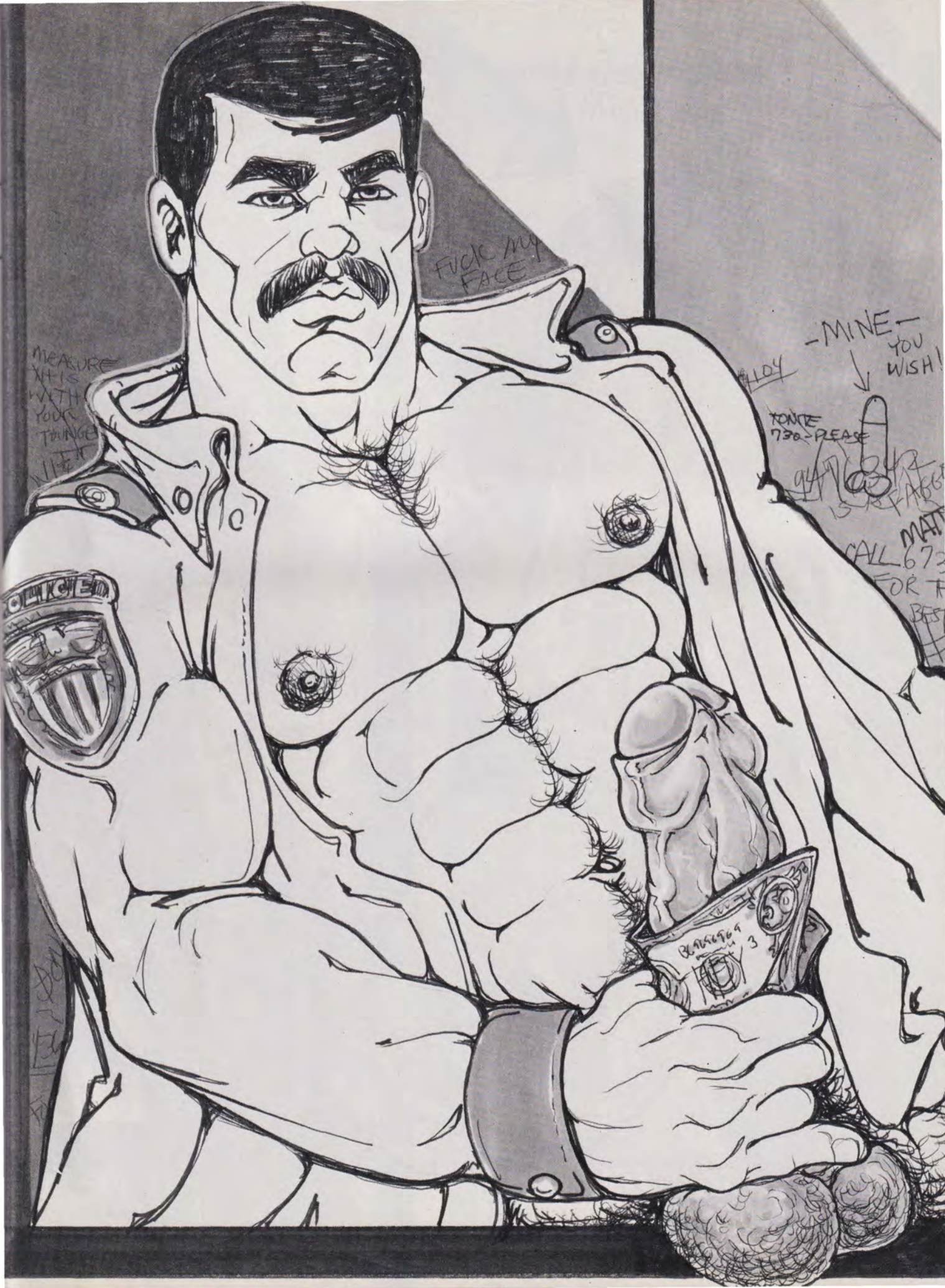
She knows it's only a matter of time before I'll come pawin' around under the cover when she puts out the light. What she *don't* know is that I could care less about fuckin' *her;* I just need to get my rocks of in somethin' that's warm 'n juicy. Her snatch is the handiest thing around.

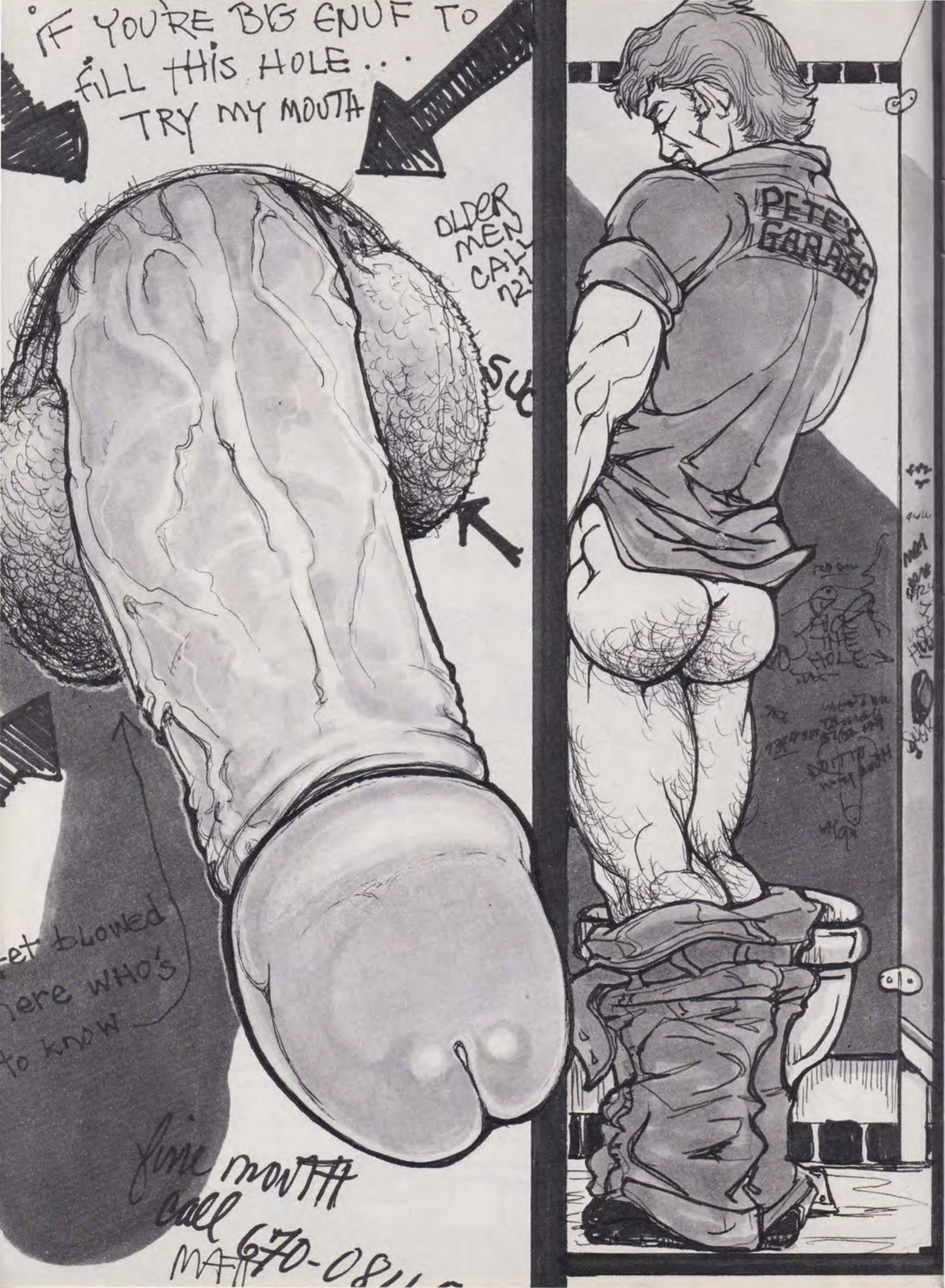
But it's always the same old line. "Not tonight, Lewis. I'm too tired," she whines, and pushes my hand away.

I don't know what *she's* doin' for sex, 'cause she's *always* too tired to gimme any. And I know she likes cock. At least she *used* to. When we first started goin' together back in high school, she couldn't get enough of my dick in her. I'd give it to her at least twice on an average date; three or four times Saturday night. She'd stretch me out on the backseat of her daddy's car, whip out my boner and shuck off her panties, then settle down on top of me and scream louder with each inch of dick she took in. Bonnie was crazy about my prick. She swore she hadn't seen very many other ones before she met me, but she was convinced that my ole pecker was the longest, fattest, stiffest, and hairiest one that *any* gal would ever run into. She wasn't far wrong, either!

I *know* I got somethin' special hangin' between my legs. I've been checkin' out other guys' equipment in locker rooms for close to twenty-five years now—just as a matter of curiosity, you understand—and I've never seen no one sportin' what *I* got. Even soft, it's big. I've seen the way other dudes gape at it sometimes, when I'm changin' down at the station or takin' a shower after my workout at the gym. They look an' they look an' they *look!* Like they're tryin' to figure out how I got so lucky, and how *they* got so shortchanged.

So I knew that if my wife still *wanted* cock, she wasn't goin' anywhere else to get it. She already had the best. But who can figure women? Maybe the urge just kinda dries up in them when they reach a certain age. But then, when she *did* break down—or I'd force her to give in—she'd still scream and cry and carry on just like she used to when she was a cheerleader and I was scoring more backseat


FUCK MY FACE
-MINE-
YOU WISH!
POLICE


IF YOU'RE BIG ENUF TO FILL THIS HOLE... TRY MY MOUTH
OLDER MEN CALL 721
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PETE'S GARAGE
FICK THE HOLE

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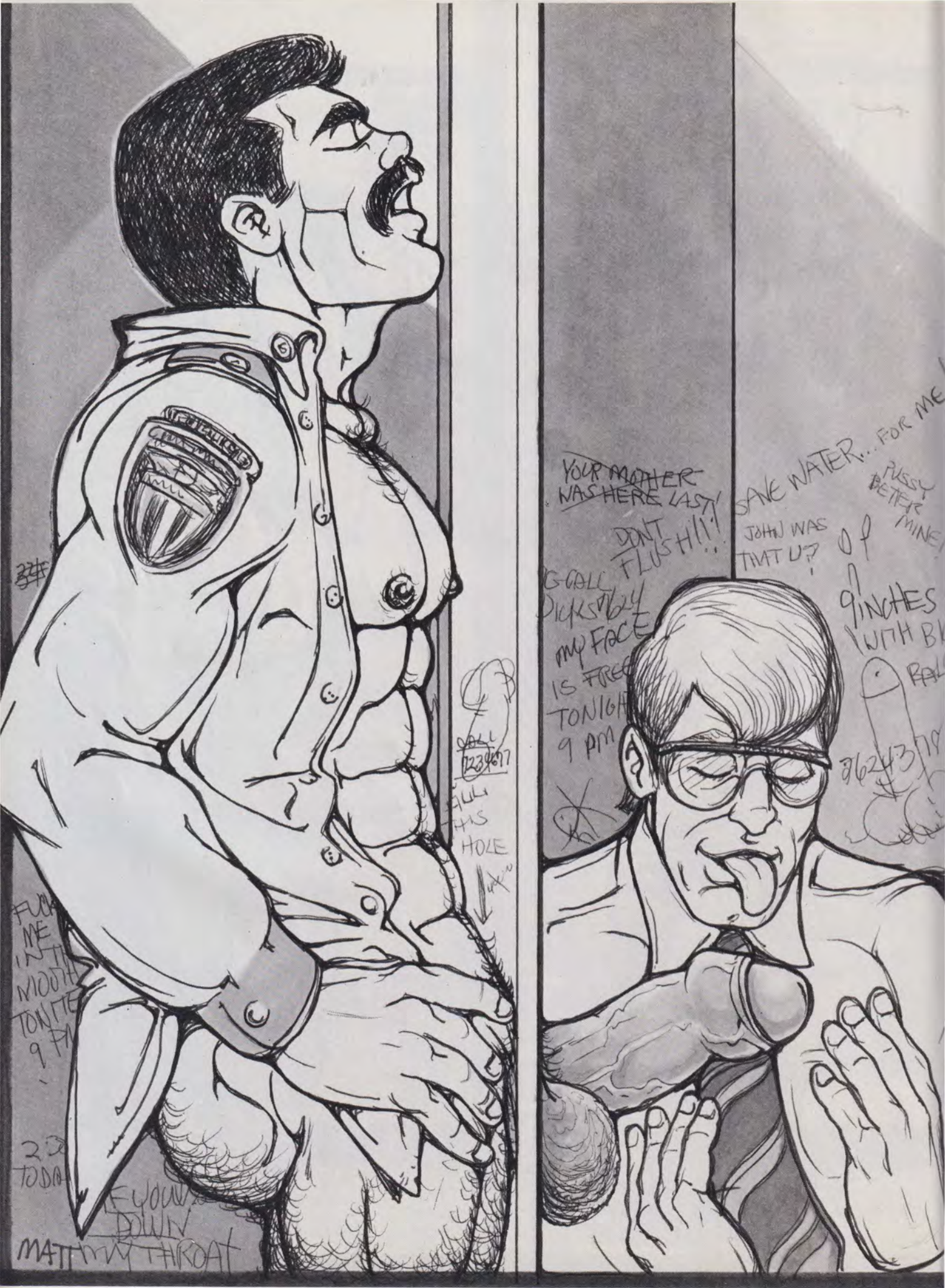
TONIGHT
9 PM
FUCK ME


YOUR MOTHER WAS HERE LAST!
DONT FLUSH!!!
SAVE WATER... FOR ME
PUSSY BETTER MINE!
JOHN WAS THAT U?
MY FACE IS FREE TONIGH 9 PM
9 INCHES WITH BI
THIS HOLE
IF YOU'VE DOWN MATT MY THROAT

touchdowns than any ballplayer in town.

No, I think Bonnie had learned how to *control* her urges. She wanted to fuck as much as I did, but she'd hold herself back and try to get somethin' *more* outta me than just my stiff poker up her twat.

"Maybe I wouldn't have these headaches all the time, Lew, if I could take my mind off the bills once in a while. If I had somethin' new and pretty to wear, for instance. They're havin' a big sale down at Sternmacher's this week. It wouldn't cost *that* much to make me happy..."

Unless I was willing to get myself even deeper in debt by saying yes to her, that was usually the point when I'd roll out of bed and drag my aching balls down the hall to the bathroom for a three-minute beat-off session on the commode. It's what I was doin' *that* night. The first one, when it all started...

I wasn't havin' much luck gettin' it up, let alone off. I'd had a couple more than my usual brews that night, maybe anticipating what I knew to expect, but I think it was more than that. Somethin' was wrong in my head, too. I had all these crazy kind of mixed-up thoughts runnin' through my mind that night. Things I'd never let myself think about before.

Like why a good-lookin' guy like me, in the prime of his life and sexual powers, should be sittin' on the can in his bathroom, beatin' off like some friggin' horny teenager. There was a woman with a wet hole between her legs layin' in my bed at that very moment, but she wouldn't put out for me 'til I let her buy somethin' she didn't even need. Just to bust my balls. Like a friggin' whore you gotta pay in advance.

The more I thought about it, the softer my dick got. All the pent-up energy I couldn't put into sex started turning in a new direction. I actually caught myself slappin' my dick against the cold rim of the toilet bowl as my anger soared and I shook my fist like I had a stick in it.

Bonnie was scared when I burst back into the bedroom. "Don't you touch me, Lew!" she screamed, and pulled a pillow down over her chest and part of her face. All I could see was the top of her nose and her eyes wide with fear. "I'm warning you! Stay away from me!"

I flung open the closet and pulled out the first shirt and pair of pants I put my hands on. "I oughta push your head right through the fuckin' wall!" I yelled at her, as I jammed my arms and legs into the clothes. "Then you'd look like a trophy hangin' on the wall and I could tell everyone '*Look!* I bagged the biggest bitch in the world!' "

"Where you goin', Lew?" she screamed, as I went for her purse. "Put that money back! You're outta your mind!"

"That's right," I snarled back at her. "I *am* outta my mind, Bonnie. And you know why. So you'd better think long and hard before you try anything to stop me."

"Where you goin', Lew?"

I looked back at her from the doorway as she cringed in the bed. Why did I even *want* to fuck her, I wondered? She wasn't worth the aggravation.

"I'm goin' out to get drunk!" I yelled. "*And* laid! So don't wait up for me, huh?"

As I sped off in the car, burning rubber at every turn, I was so mad I couldn't even *see* straight, let alone think. Where the hell *was* I going? I'd picked a twenty out of Bonnie's purse, but that sure wasn't going to get me far. Even if I did run into some tail who was willin' to put out for free, I'd have to guy her a couple drinks, maybe even a bite to eat. Unless she was a real pig, some Buds and a Big Mac weren't gonna do it.

I drove around like that for about a half-hour. Just turning corners at random and drivin' without really knowing—or caring—where I was goin'. And as I started to cool down, I realized that I'd acted like a first-class asshole. I couldn't have made matters any worse with Bonnie if I'd tried.

All of a sudden I had to stop for a piss. The damn beer had run right through me, and I hadn't even thought about relieving my bladder 'til it was ready to burst. Without realizing it, I'd driven clear to the city limits and found myself circling the small public park at the end of town. I could've pulled over almost anywhere and pissed alongside the car, but something in the back of my mind told me I wasn't far from a rest room near the picnic grounds. A few blocks further, I turned off the road and pulled into the rest room's parking area. It was close to midnight and the rest of the park looked completely deserted. That's why I thought it was strange there were three other cars already parked in the lot. It wasn't like some couples had stopped there to neck, either. The cars were empty.

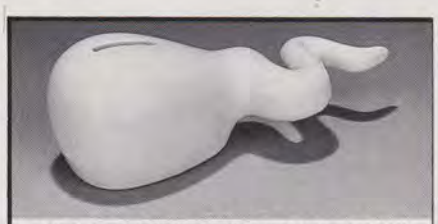
I felt a cop's instinctive sense of possible danger as I turned off my ignition and headed toward the dim light of the men's room window. What the hell might be going on in there, I wondered, even as I walked right into it. A drug deal? Something worse that I'd be sorry I stuck my nose into just for the sake of taking a leak?

I swung open the door, heard a quick sort of scuffling sound, swallowed hard, and walked inside. The room was narrow, with five toilet stalls in a row and a long, trough urinal at the end. The door on the first stall was hangin' open. The one next to it was closed, and the one right beside it, too. The last two stalls at the end were vacant.

"Three cars outside," I thought, as I headed for the urinal, "and two guys takin' a crap inside. Where's the third—?!"

I almost jumped outta my skin as I rounded the corner of the last toilet stall and saw a short, middle-aged guy with glasses and a bad toupee standing at the trough. You know how you jump when you don't expect someone to be there? Well we both did a little hop, but the look on his face told me right away that he was more scared than me.

The dribble seeped out of his mouth and ran down my throbbing shaft. Thin wet trickles ran into my bush and slowly oozed over my balls. He made deep grunting noises while he sucked faster and faster. Probably beating off at the same time, I thought.



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"Is—is this—a—raid?" he asked, in a frightened, squeaky kind of voice. "Officer?"

I stared at the guy like he was a total basket case and moved up to the trough. How the hell did he know I was a cop? I wondered, as I jerked down the fly of my jeans and whipped out my long-suffering tool. I almost sighed with relief as a torrent of hot piss instantly shot down at the funky porcelain. And what the hell did he mean was this a *raid?*

Then it dawned on me. At almost exactly the same moment that I realized, in my haste, I'd grabbed one of my uniform blues with the department emblem patch on the right sleeve, I also remembered why the location of that particular rest room had been stuck in the back of my mind. It was a notorious hangout for a lot of the city's queer element. They were constantly being pulled in for committing perversions in a public place. Meaning *there.* Right where I was takin' a leak, with my jeans. I almost laughed. Could hardly blame the poor bastard! For someone who likes the look of cock, mine must've been quite a sight!

My dick bloats up when I really gotta take a leak. It don't get *hard;* it just sorta fills up. And out. A soft-on, I guess you'd call it! The need to piss kinda stretches the skin back from the head and fills up the shaft, so it's real fat an' long. The damn thing was hangin' a good five inches toward the trough, an' he could *tell* it was no way near bein' stiff, the way it was bobbin' and floppin' as the jets of piss still spurted out of it. I could almost hear him smackin' his lips as he stared at it. And the damndest thing was, knowin' that he was starin' at my cock and wantin' it so bad started somethin' stirrin' inside it!

Before he got the wrong idea about what was happening, I turned to the guy and gave him my fiercest, tough-cop scowl. "You'd better get your pansy ass *outta* here, mister," I warned him, "before what you're starin' at is one of them standin' alongside me!

I let out a helpless cry as the first hot wad of spunk shot out of me. He gulped hard, swallowing the thick ball of scum, then milked the base of my shaft with his lips to coax a second and a third and a fourth steaming jet from my nuts.

My head shot to the side and the little guy gulped hard, with that guilty look on his face of someone caught in the act. He'd been sizin' me up! Checkin' out my dick, the little bastard! And me even wearin' the blue!

"What the fuck're *you* lookin' at?" I snarled at him.

His eyes darted away from my dick and up at my face. "Are you—a—*real* cop?" he cautiously asked.

I hawked in my throat and spit a wet gob down into the yellow river I was still making in the trough. "You bet your ass I am!" I growled. "And you can thank your lucky stars I'm off-duty, too, or your faggot ass might be in real trouble right now."

He gulped again. Then, even knowing that I was lookin' right at him and could see the direction of his eyes, he glanced back at my dick hangin' outta deep shit! You got me?"

His hands shook so bad I thought he'd never get his dick back in his pants. But instead of leavin', he went right around the corner and into the toilet stall right next to the trough. The door slammed and locked behind him, and I just about laughed out loud. Poor bastard! I probably scared him so bad he shit his pants!

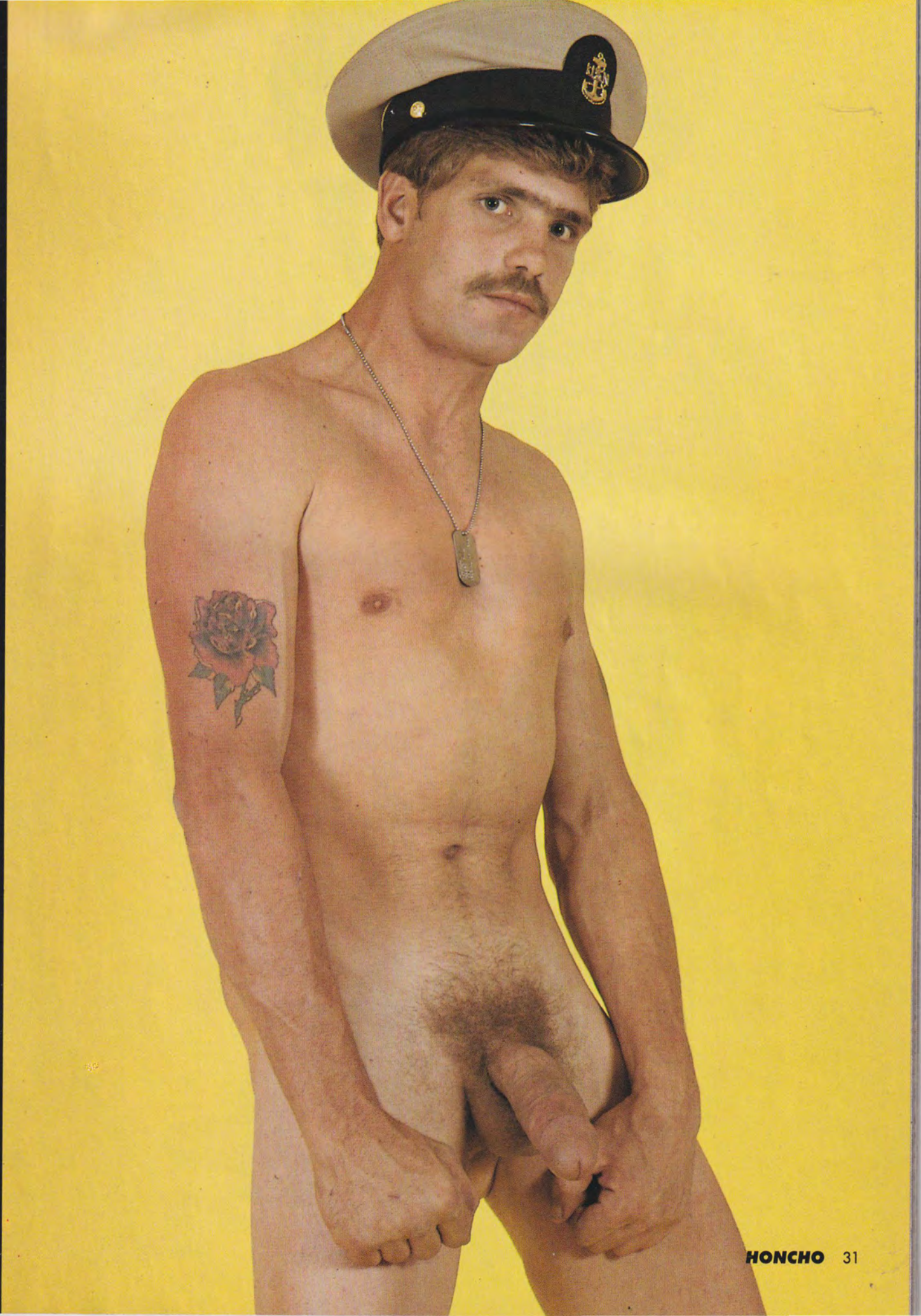
I heard his zipper go down, and when I glanced below the partition I saw his pants and underwear bunched around his ankles, but I didn't hear him fart or anything droppin' into the water in the bowl like he was crappin'. In fact, as the heavy splashing noise of my piss trickled off, the only sound I heard was a low, heavy, kind of panting noise from the other side of the stall. I looked over again, and saw the hole for the first time.

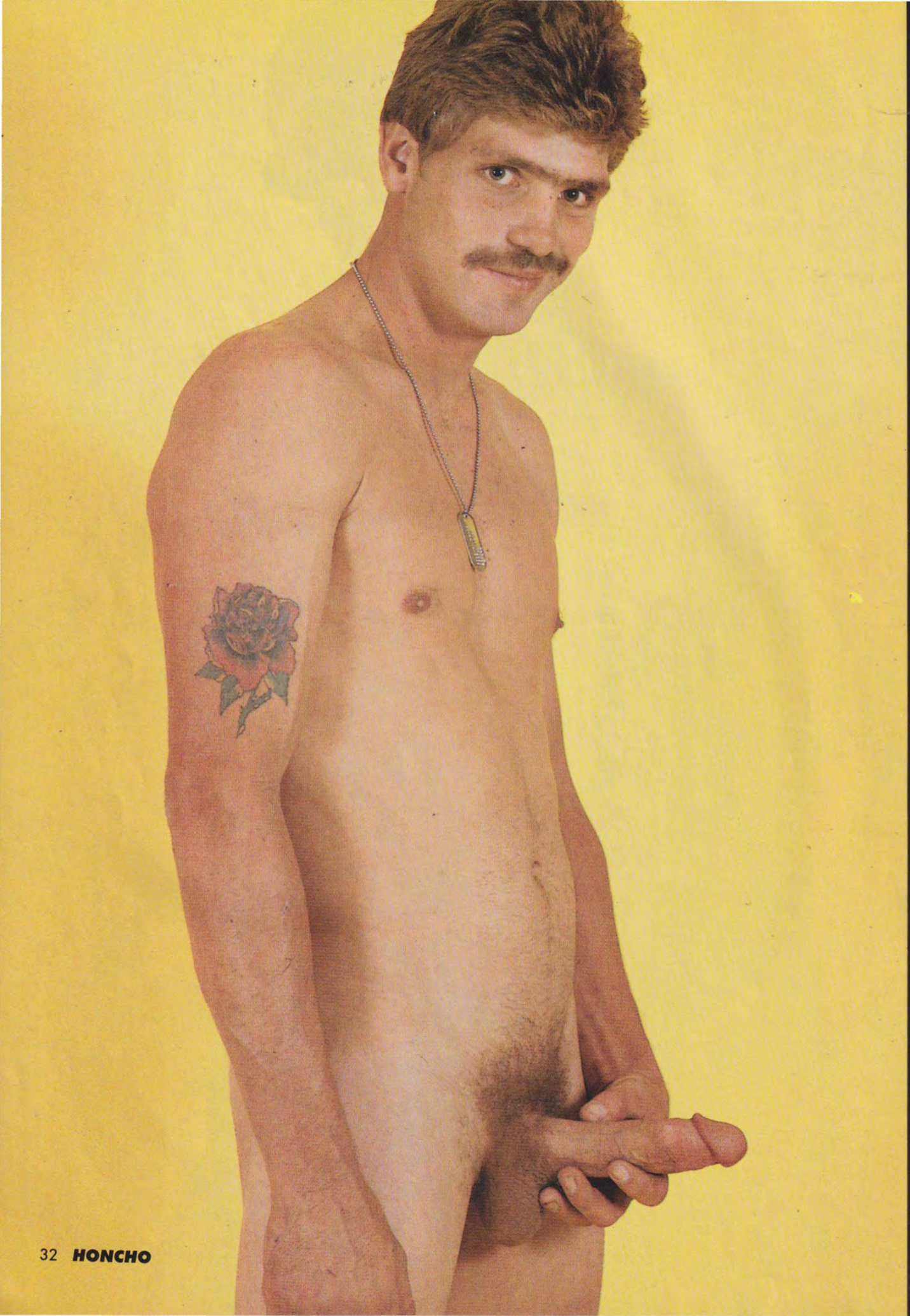
The wall was so covered with graf-

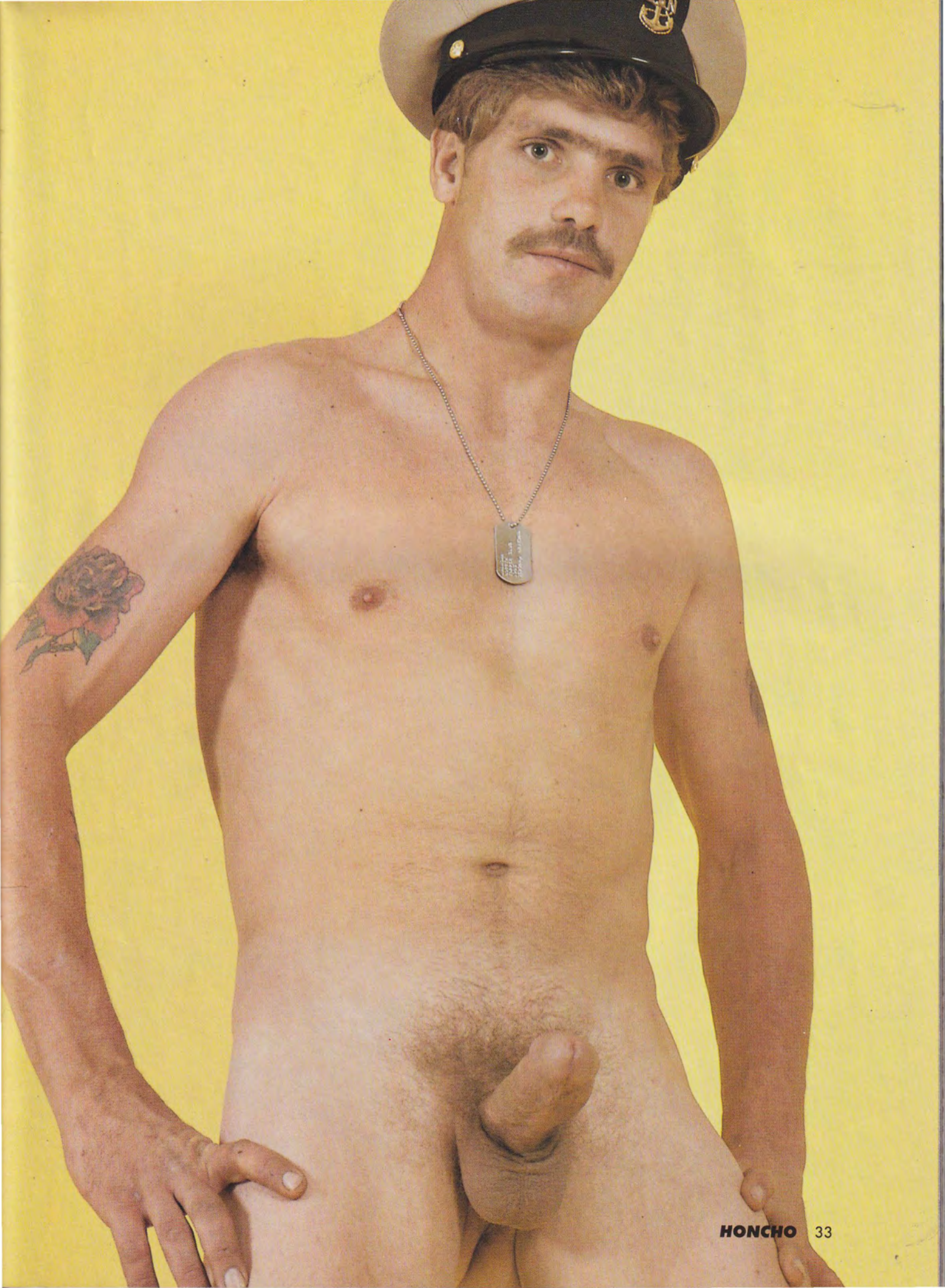
CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

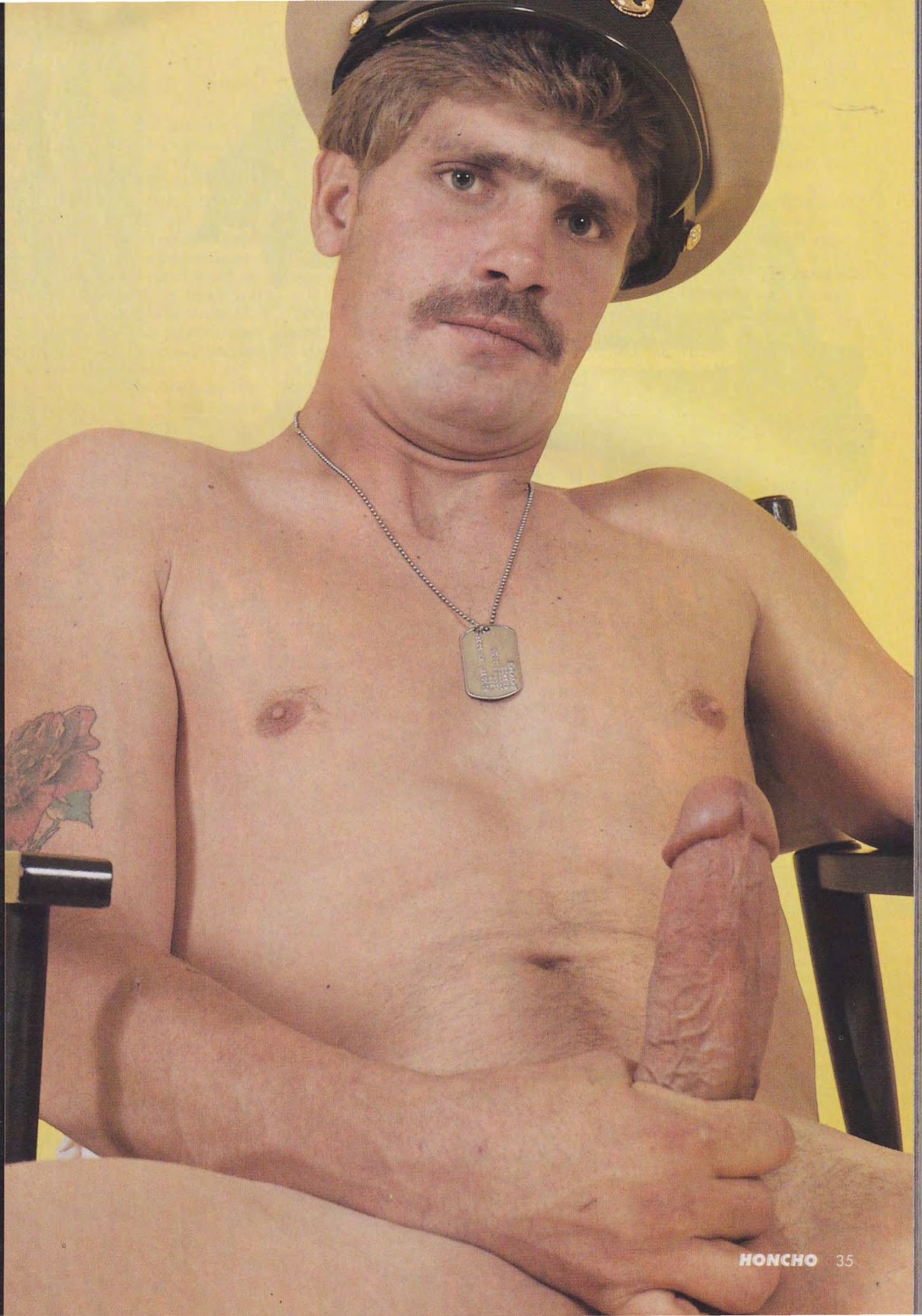
OFFICER'S TRAINING MANUAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID









Businessman services blue collar stud.

THE SECURITY GUARD

By William Cozad

My winter vacation was kind of a bummer. I took a plane back to the Midwest to visit my folks. I don't know why I expected it to be any different. After a couple of days I felt like an intruder in their life. I went downtown and looked around. I was bored, and was relieved when it came time to leave. Sure, I cared about my parents, enjoyed seeing them and remembering that nobody cooks like your mom, but I was an outsider now. I never told them I was gay because they'd never understand.

The flight home was choppy and my stomach was queasy. When I located my car in the airport parking lot I noticed that the left rear tire was flat. I wanted to scream. Instead I kicked the wheel and cussed it. Opening up the trunk, I got out the bumper jack and spare tire.

Along came the security patrol cart. I thought I was going to get hassled. But then I saw the security guard in his blue uniform. He was gorgeous. Big brown eyes. Trim mustache. Curly brown hair fringed his hat. Thirty-something, at the beginning of middle age when I thought men were in their real prime. Beefy looking.

"Problem?" he asked.

No, it just seemed like a good time to rotate my tires. What did he think I was doing? "Damn flat. Just what I needed."

"Let me give you a hand."

I'd wanted to give him a handjob and a blowjob. Just being near him made my heart beat faster. When he realized that I was mostly thumbs and afraid of messing my good suit, he took over and quickly changed the tire and tightened the lugs.

"You're pretty good. Like a pro," I said, my eyes checking out his big solid body and his meaty-looking basket.

"Used to work in a gas station. Changed hundreds of tires, no sweat," he answered, standing up. I guessed maybe he was hustling some bucks on the side, helping weary travelers. Well, he was worth it. I opened my wallet to give him a twenty. It would have cost more to call a tow truck for help, plus the long wait.

"This is for you."

I held the double sawbuck in my hand.

He shook his head. "I don't want your money."

"What do you want?"

The handsome devil just grinned. I guess he'd felt my eyes on him while he changed the tire and knew what I was thinking.

"Gets lonesome around here at times. Beating off can be a drag."

"Yeah, do I ever know the name of that tune."

My lips were dry and I licked them. My cock strained in my pants. None of which went unnoticed by the security guard.

"Wanna go over to the security guard shack with me?"

"Why?" I wanted to make sure I read him right. I'd been wrong before. I didn't need to get bashed.

"Get in the cart," he said. I thought about it for a few seconds and looked around but I got in.

He drove me over to the small security shack which looked like a booth at the barricaded exit.

"What's this?" I asked.

"The coop. Where the guards sometimes snooze or have a drink. Me, I beat off in here sometimes."

I followed him into the small shack with a mat on the floor and a chair. He opened the hatch in the roof but kept the side openings latched up. Then he closed and locked the door.

"What do you want from me?" I asked. He towered over me, but I was turned on. But I wanted to hear the words to know for sure.

"I want you to suck my dick and lick my asshole. Just like you wanna do."

No one had even mentioned rimming to me before in propositions. First time for everything. I'd do about anything he wanted. He was my ideal type of hombre, a big tough masculine male, the kind you meet very rarely.

"Show me what you got there," I said, looking at his basket.

"Fun and games you want. Okay by me. But you do it my way. This is my turf and I'm the honcho. Dig?"

"Whatever you want."

"Kiss my boot," he snarled.

"What?"

"You heard me. You want a man, you gotta earn it. Want a pussy, go get one."

"I don't understand."

"I think you do. I like it rough. Can't handle that, then get your wimpy ass outta here."

"I'll do what you say," I said quietly. It was weird, but I was hot for this guy. In my whole life, all the scenes I'd encountered, I'd never kissed a dirty shoe. Sure, I'd licked some dirty cracks but never footgear.

"Lick that boot," he said again.

Cringing on the floor in my expensive suit, I rolled my tongue over his dusty boot.

"That's better, asswipe. I know your type, with your luxury car and fancy threads. You need a real man to handle your ass."

"You're a real hunk," I agreed.

"Rick's my name. But you can call me sir. You got that, dude?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, feeling weirder and weirder.

"That's the ticket. I can have my

Illustrations by M. Kirwan

choice of young studs but they don't satisfy. It's fat cats like you that I get off on lording it over. In your own way, you're not bad looking. I could buy a dozen uniforms for the price of that fucking suit you're wearing. But I got the body to go with it. You let yourself go. You're probably filthy rich and a bigshot besides. But in this shack, for now, you're nothing but a lowlife cocksucker. Get it?"

"Yes, sir," I whispered, looking only at the bulge in his pants.

"Say it."

"I'm a cocksucker, a lowlife."

"Scum."

"Scum," I repeated the litany. No one had ever come onto me like this before. I was powerless to fight him. I could make a run for it, maybe walk all the way back to my car, but I didn't want to. My juices were flowing. I'd found a tormentor. He could say or do anything, if he'd let me suck his dick and, yes, lick his asshole.

"I had a fish like you before. A rich banker who robbed widows and orphans, but I could put him in his place. I made him pay me a fortune just to grovel at my feet and jack himself off. I was the only one who treated him like the wretched motherfucker that he was. I think you're the same way."

"No, I help people in my business," I protested.

"Line your pockets and feather your nest at the same time. Don't lie to me, that just makes it worse. Makes me madder. Maybe I won't even let you see my meat."

"Oh please, don't say that. Let me see your cock. I'll pay you, whatever you want." I stared back at his basket. I had to have it.

"I don't need your stinking money, I got me a rig. I don't need you. You need me. You need to be conquered and dominated by a big dick. And I got that."

I reached up and groped his crotch.

A slap in the face stunned me but cleared my head of my lusty thoughts for the moment. What the hell had I gotten myself into? This handsome security guard was a psycho. Lord knows what he'd do, how he'd get his kicks. He'd harm me. They'd find my body in the trunk of my car. I had to get away from him. I had to escape for my life. I tried to stand up but his hands on my shoulders pushed me back down.

"Don't ever touch me without permission."

"I'm sorry."

"Fuck being sorry. Don't mean shit to me. Talk's cheap."

"What do you want, ah, sir? For me to suck you?"

"Respect. And worship. I fucking dig being totally worshipped. Got that you fucking bastard?"

"Oh yes sir."

"You're just a cockroach. I could step on you and crush you, make you do anything I want you to. I've got prick power over you."

He was mad, completely insane. I had to be a loony myself even to listen to his crap, his power trip. I was a respectable businessman. I could buy and sell a minimum wage rent-a-pig like him. I could have all the male prostitutes I wanted. Why was I letting him do this to me? Why was I enjoying it? Why was I groveling?

Yet he touched some dark region of my soul, ignited some fire in my psyche. If not, then why did I have a hard-on?

"Let me see your cock," I asked.

"Earn it. Beg to feast your eyes on it."

"You're the most beautiful man I've seen in God knows how many years. Maybe I've never seen one so awesome before. I've been so lonely. I need human contact. I need to see a powerful prick on a macho stud," I blubbered.

"You're pathetic, you know that? Put some heart and soul into your desire. Get real. Make me believe it. Or I'll send you on your way with just a hard-on."

"Don't make me go, sir. Give me another chance. Look at this, am I lying or what?" I unzipped my fly and took out my hard cock and waved it at him. "My cock hasn't been this stiff in ages. It's because of you. You made me this hot and hard."

"You're tiresome. Pathetic trash. Do you think anyone wants to see your ugly cock? Put it back in your pants. That's the ugliest cock I've ever seen, if not the smallest."

"Let me see yours. Show me what a proud young cock looks like. I wanna see every inch of it. I wanna see its power. To touch it, feel it. Make it shoot. Get it off for you."

"You're just a hungry cocksucker. Can't get any, even with a wallet full of money, with twenty dollar bills hanging out of your pockets. Know why? Because you're over the hill. The world belongs to the young. You've had your day. You've done shot your wad."

"You can give me new life. I kiss the ground you walk on." Carried away with lust, I kissed the cruddy cheap mat on the floor.

"You wanna see my cock, maybe I'll let you. Go ahead, take it out. Have a look."

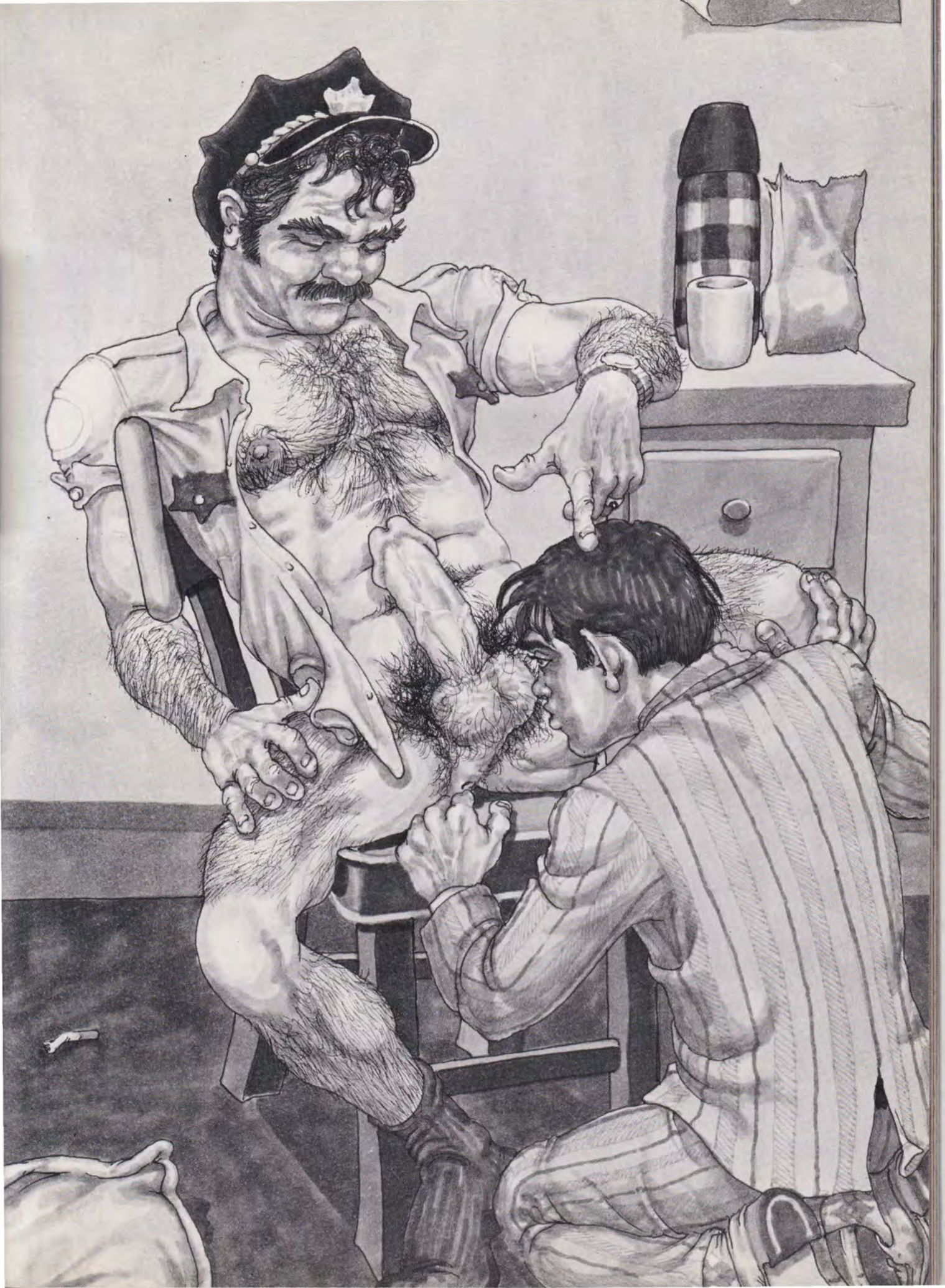
I was so nervous, so anxious to see his cock that I fumbled with the zipper. I knew I had him aroused because his cock was in a horizontal position and looked like a crowbar in his pants, it was so hard.

Getting his cock out into the open was worth the torment and humiliation that the security guard heaped on me. He was magnificent. His cock was a thing of beauty, one of the seven wonders of the modern world as far as I was concerned. Fat and hard, jutting out from his curly brown pubes. And his balls were like jumbo eggs, heaving in their wrinkled sac.

I rubbed the loose skin over his bloated crimson cockhead and a drop of pre-cum hung at the pee hole.

"I wanna suck it. I wanna suck your

Hungry for cock, for the dickmeat of this hunky security guard, I managed to take every one of his eight inches of fat cock down my throat. I slid my lips down the hefty shaft, closing my eyes in delight, but opening them to face the monster, which made me even hotter.



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big cock."

"Not so fast. Like I said, you gotta earn it."

"What more can I say?"

"It's what you can do, you creep." He unbuckled his belt and dropped his blue uniform pants down around his ankles. His legs were strong and hairy. Turning around, leaning on the counter, he mooned me. His buttocks were the things dreams are made of. Two of the most luscious looking mounds I'd ever seen, with swirls of brown hair. Like ripe fruit that you wanted to bite into and taste.

I had no shame now. I crawled over to him on my knees.

"Kiss my ass." It was not a request, it was an order.

I kissed his buttcheeks and spread them, looking into the mysterious dark hole. Reaching back, he pulled my hair.

"Put your tongue into my crack and stick it up my ass."

Spreading his asslips with my hands, I dove in and ate out his ass and tongue-fucked it.

"Oh yeah, that's good. Tongue my crack. Lick my asshole. Do it, you ass-eating pervert."

I slobbered inside his buttcrack, tonguing his chute. He moved his butt around. My nose was in his crack and I inhaled his pungent aroma.

"Yeah, you're doing good, you old fart. Maybe I'll give you some dick after all. Keep doing what you're doing. Keep eating out that hole, keep tonguing it."

When the security guard turned around I was surprised at how long his cock really was, now that it was completely hard.

"Open your mouth and suck on this."

Hungry for cock, for the dickmeat of this hunky security guard, I managed to take every one of the eight inches of fat cock down my throat. My nose was tickled by his pubes.

"Suck it. Suck my big dick, you horny cocksucker."

I slid my lips up and down the hefty shaft, closing my eyes in delight, but opening them to face the monster, which made me even hotter. My own cock was oozing and I freed it from my pants again.

"Beat off while you suck me. Yeah, I wanna watch you jack off."

I jacked my cock while I huffed and puffed and sucked his cock. It pulsated in my mouth and I knew I had him ready to blast. He hugged my head close to his crotch, humping me till I couldn't breathe. Then he grunted.

"Cumming in your mouth, cock-sucker! Shooting my fucking scum. Take it!"

I let go of my cock and held onto his steely thighs. His balls churned and the juice just shot against the back of my throat. I fondled his big balls while I milked him dry.

As soon as the security guard had got his gun, his cock deflated. In repose his cock was a thing of beauty. Fat and sassy looking, the bloated pink head, the circumcision scar in the coiled shaft nestled over fat orbs.

My own cock stayed hard while I stayed on my knees.

"C'mon, get me hard," he said, surprising me.

I touched his cock and manipulated it till it stiffened.

"Kiss my balls. That's it. Lick them."

While I tongued his nuts he fisted his prick. His big balls bounced up and down on my face.

"Jack yourself off."

"Thank you, sir."

I got up a rhythm, stroking my cock while I sucked and hummed on his balls.

"Love getting my balls sucked. Almost as much as a blowjob. Suck them. Oh fuck, I'm gonna shoot again."

He stroked and squeezed his cock and the jizz just flew out of it, landing all over my cheek and hair but I didn't care.

The feel of his creamy balljuice on my face made me cream. I splattered the mat on the floor with cum.

I heard the roar of airplanes landing and taking off outside the security shack, bringing me back to reality.

"Thank you, sir. It was great servicing you," I said, still horny for him.

"Stand up. You're disgusting, you know that?"

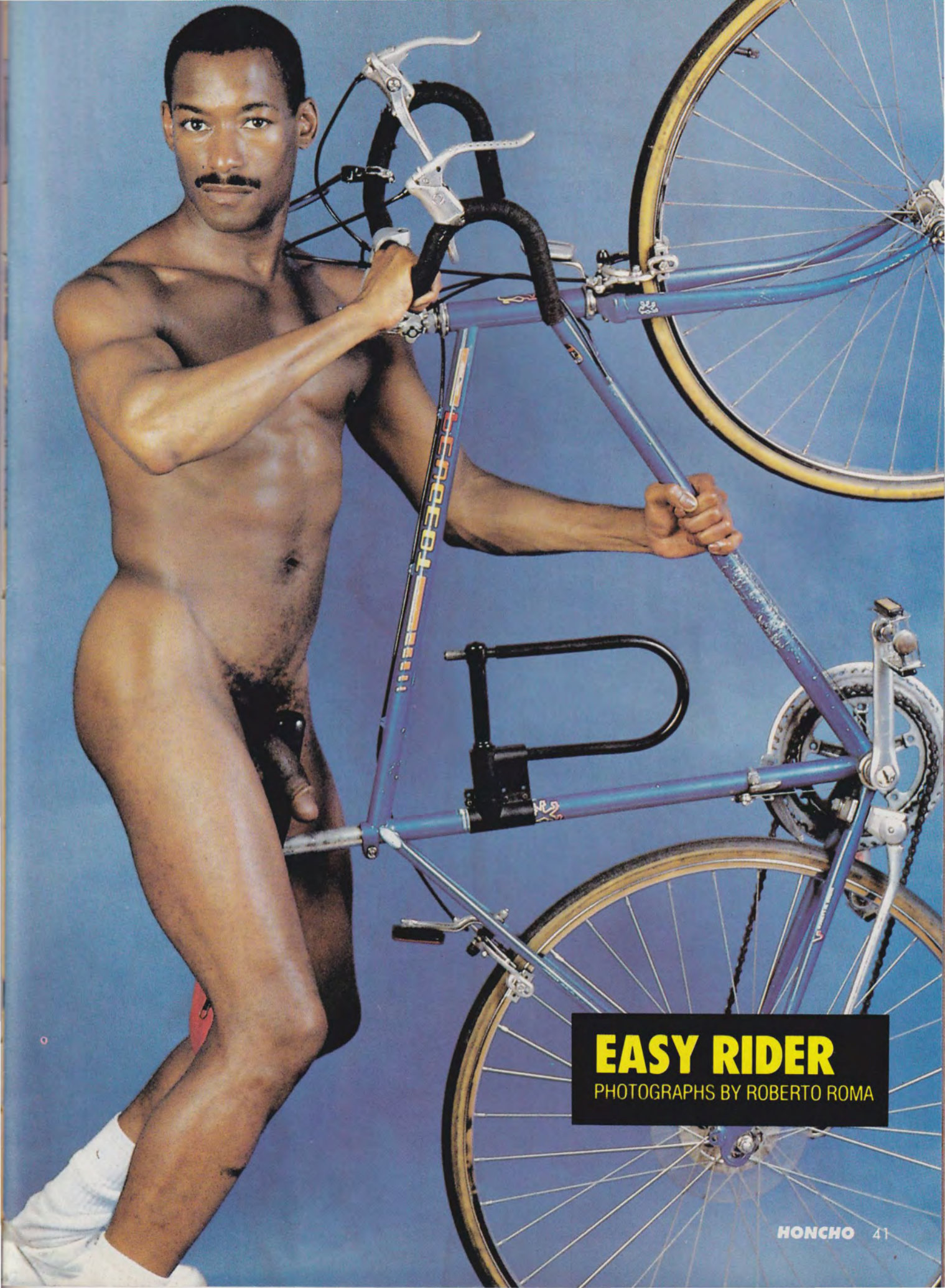
"Can I service you again sometime?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no."

The security guard wrote his phone number on the inside of a matchbook cover.

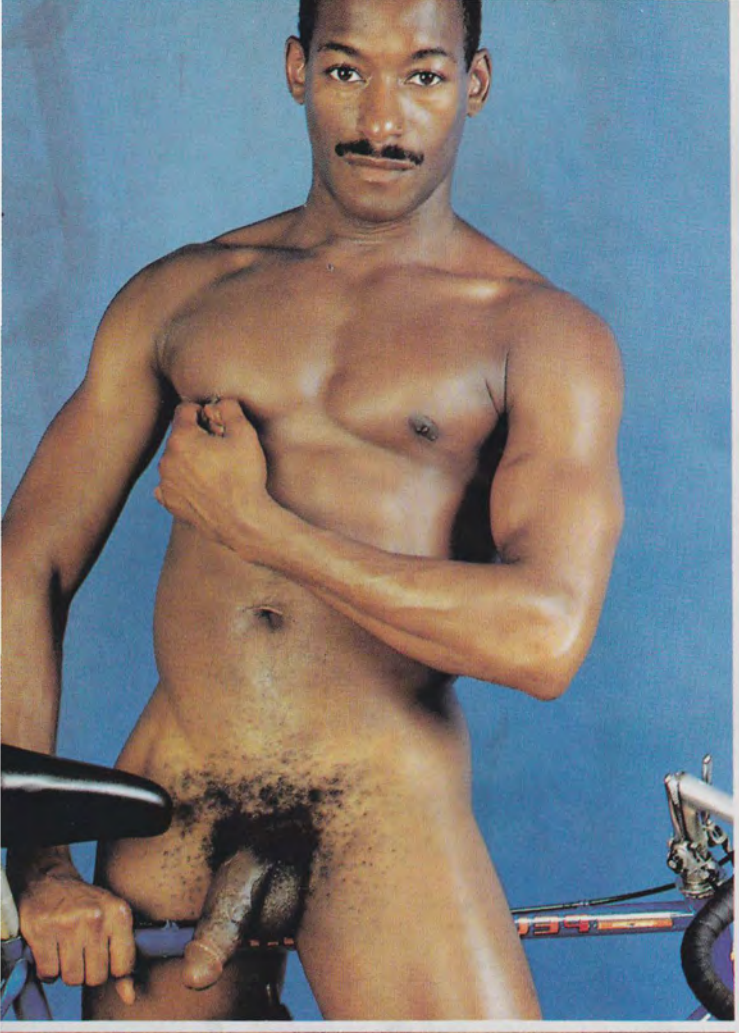
"Oh thank you, sir."

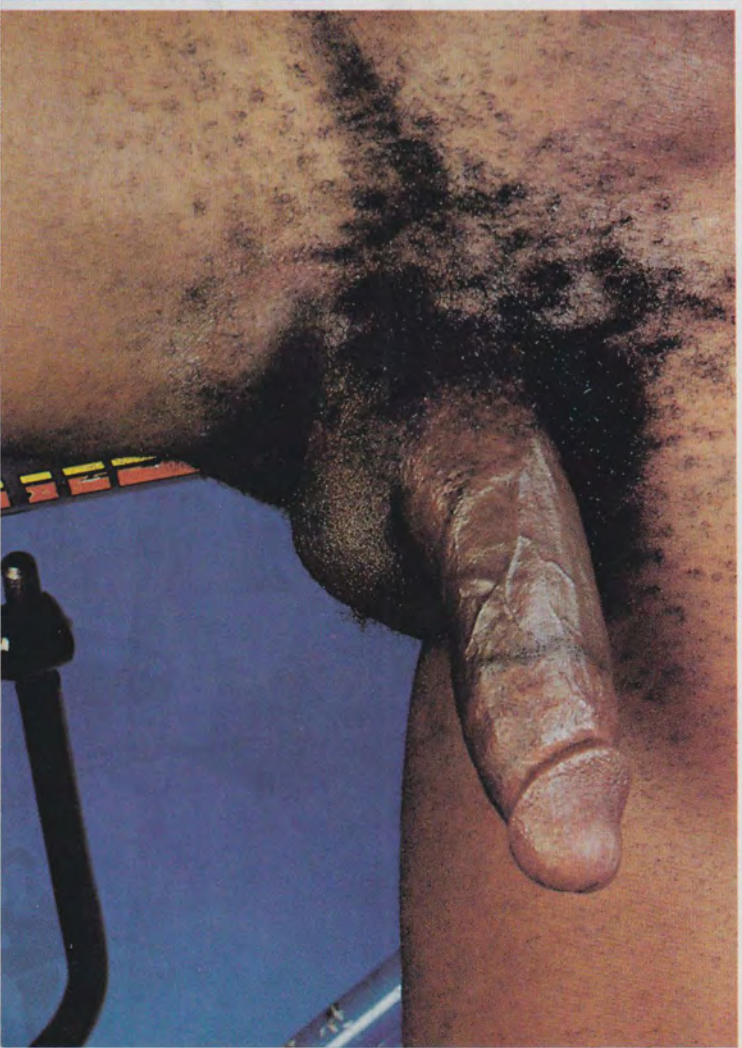
"One thing," he said with a smirk. "Be on your knees when you call." ■

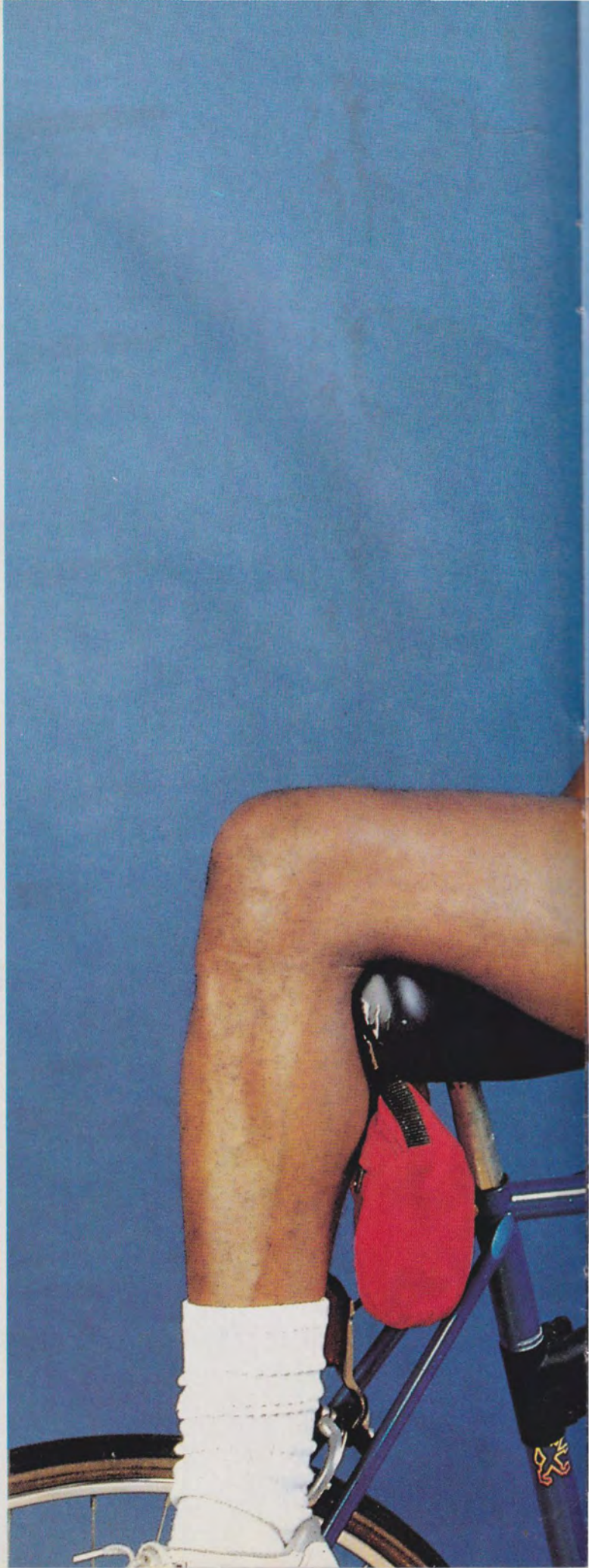


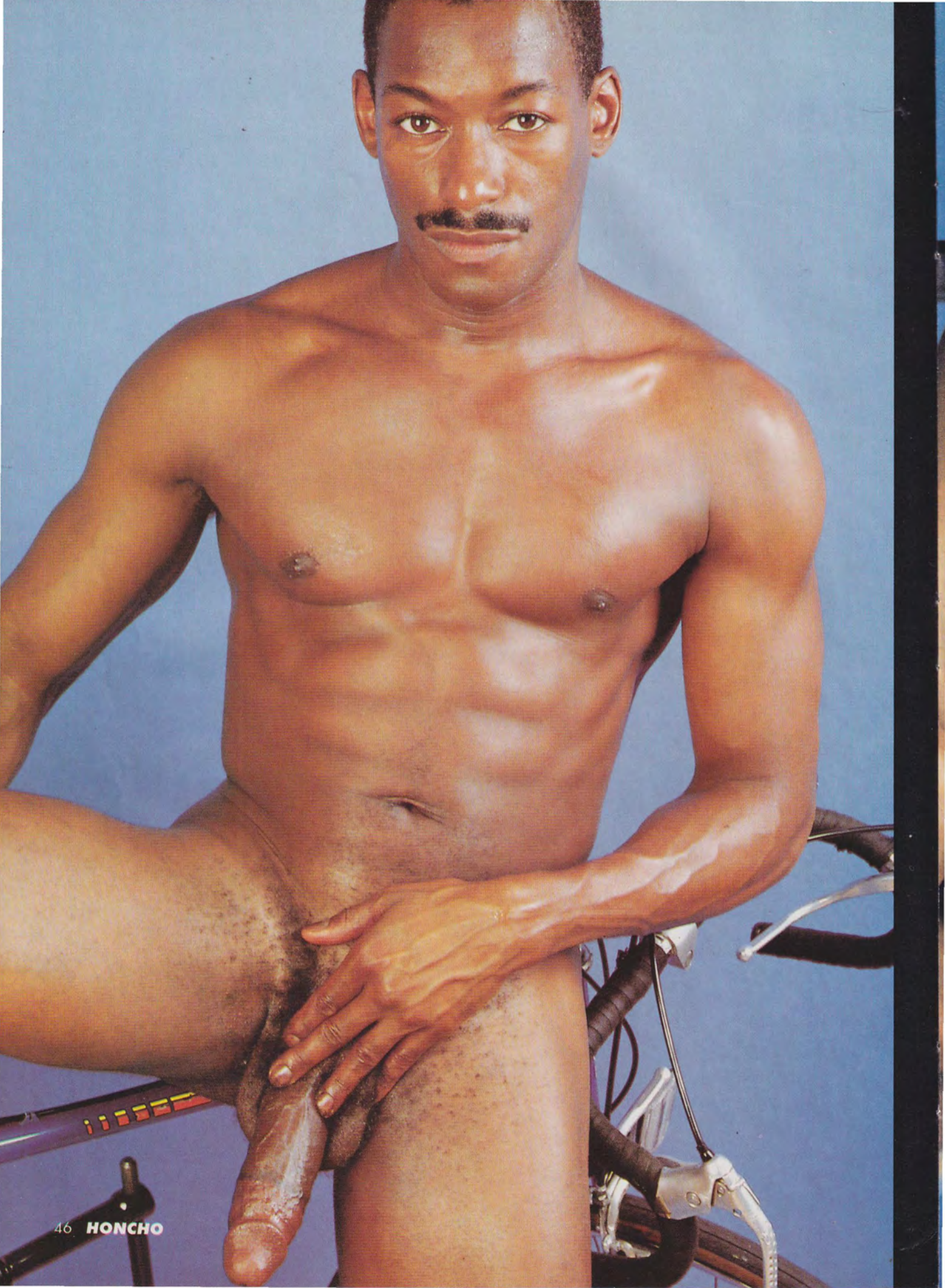
EASY RIDER

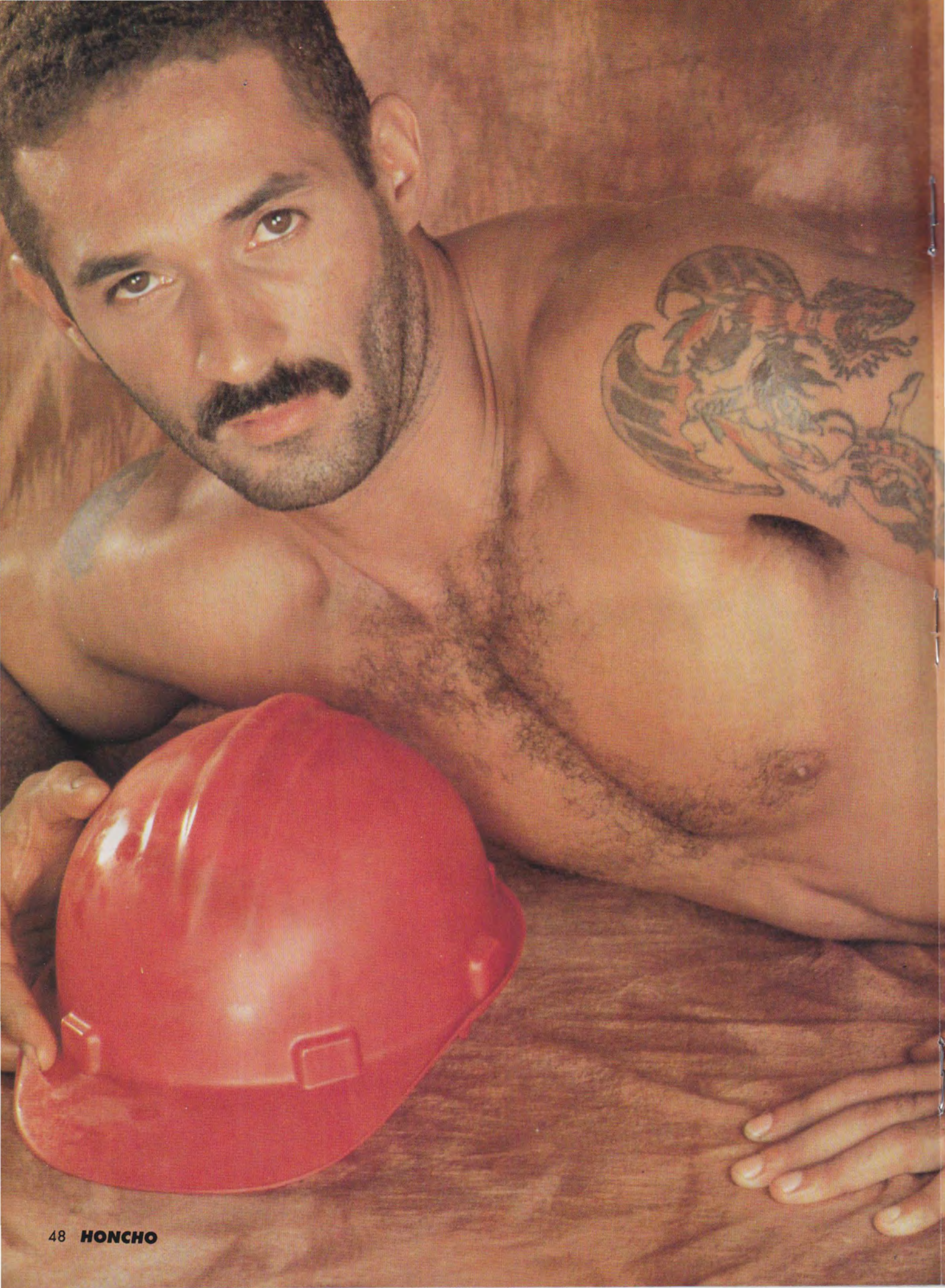
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO ROMA





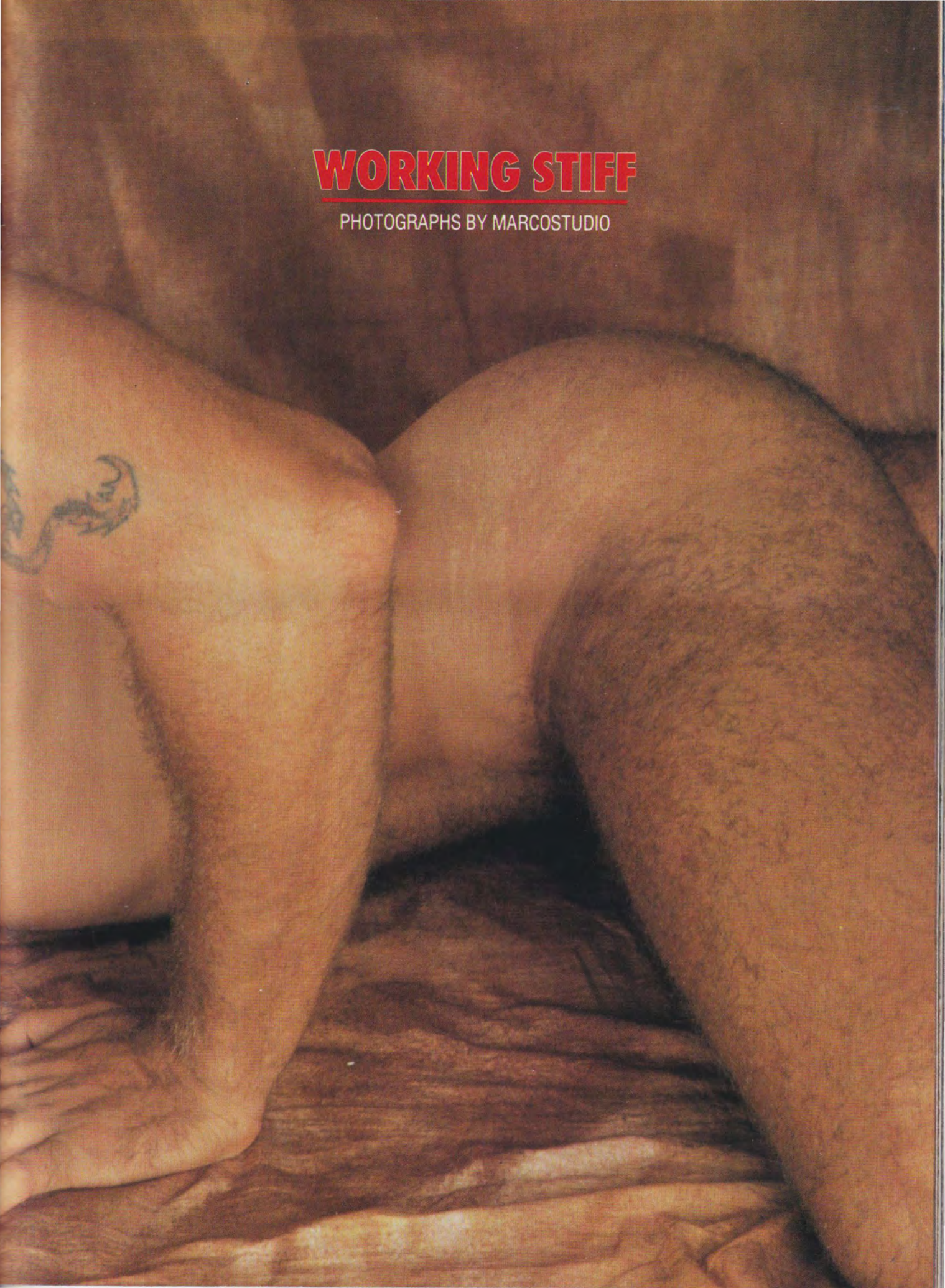


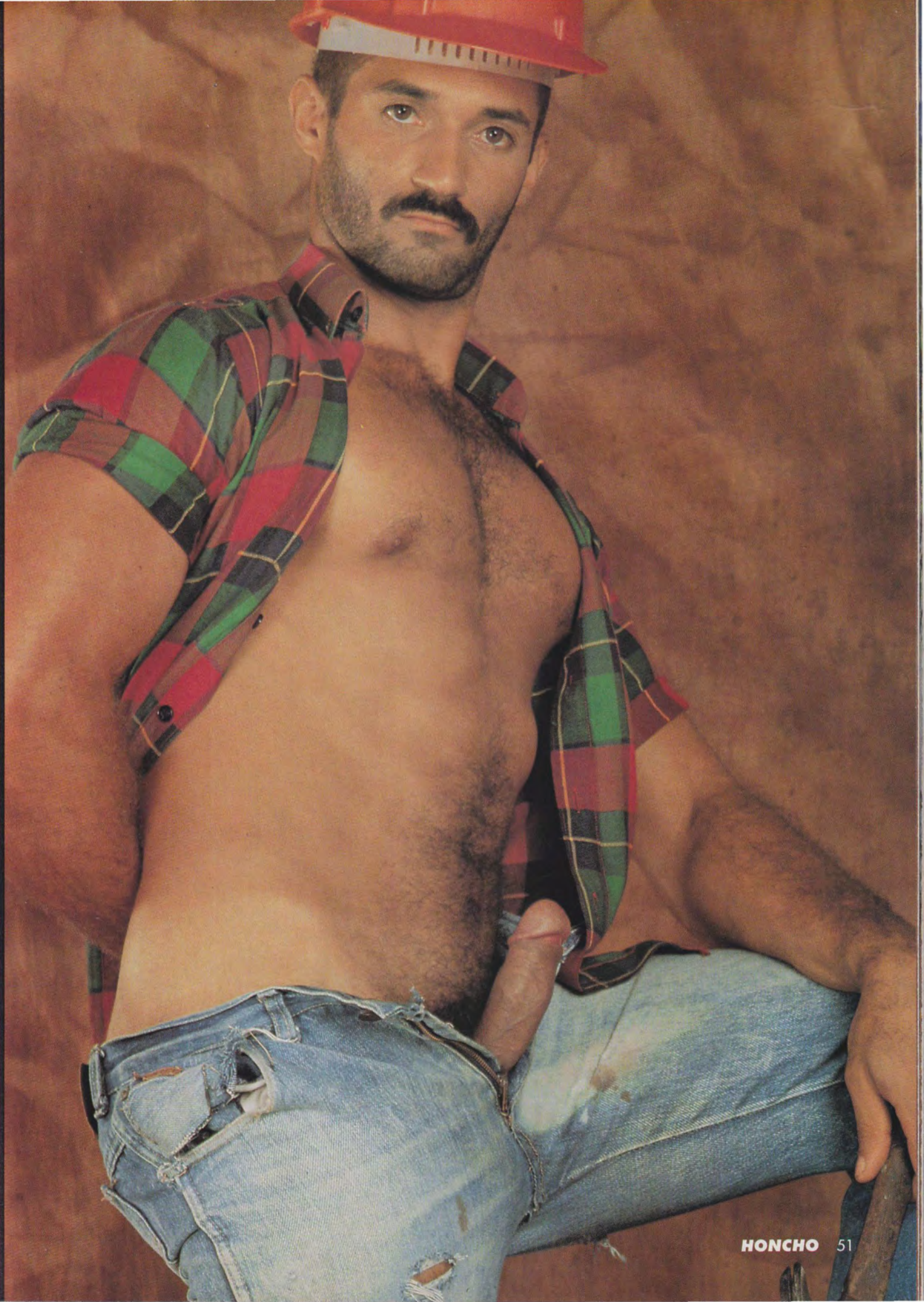


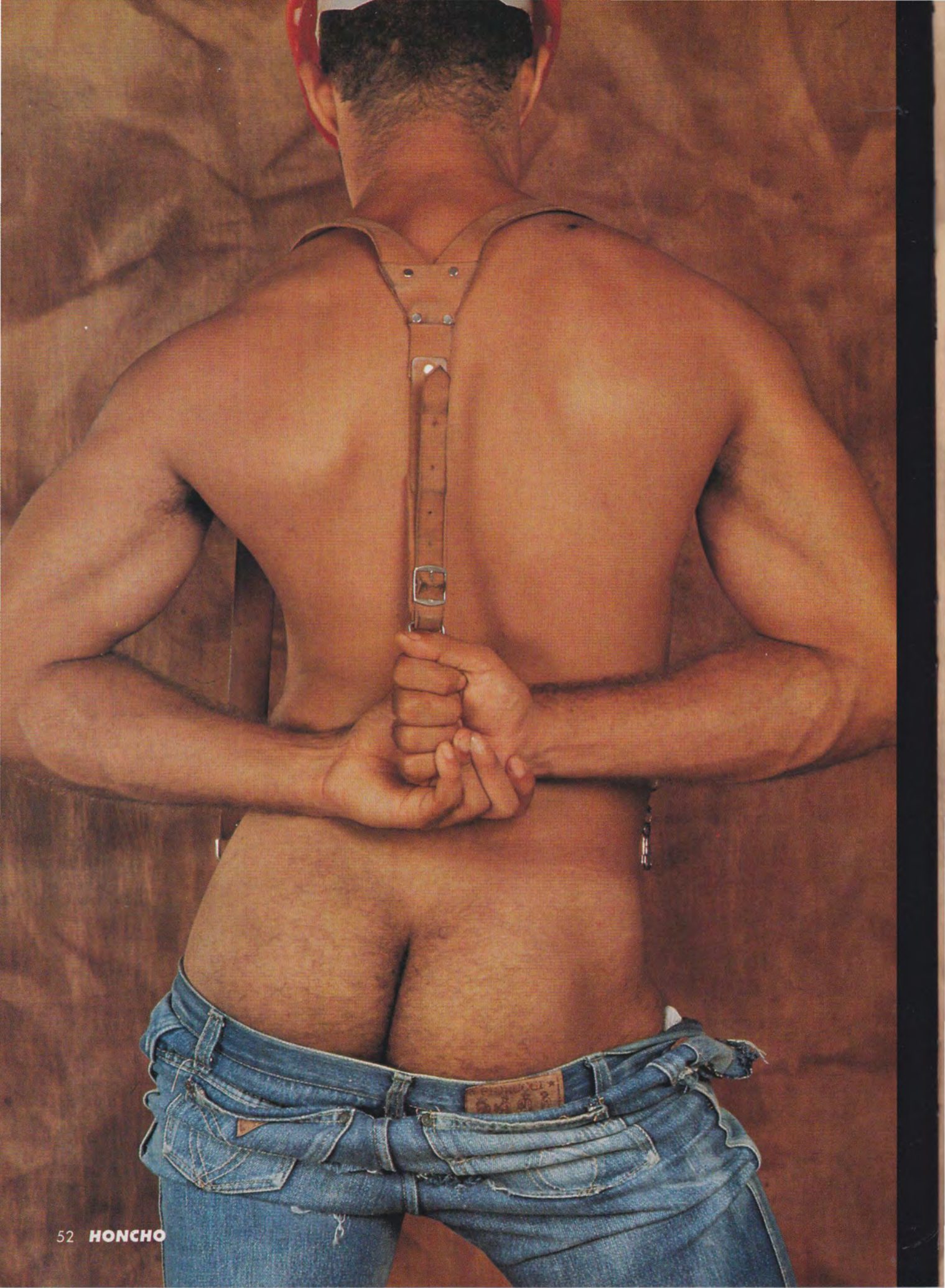


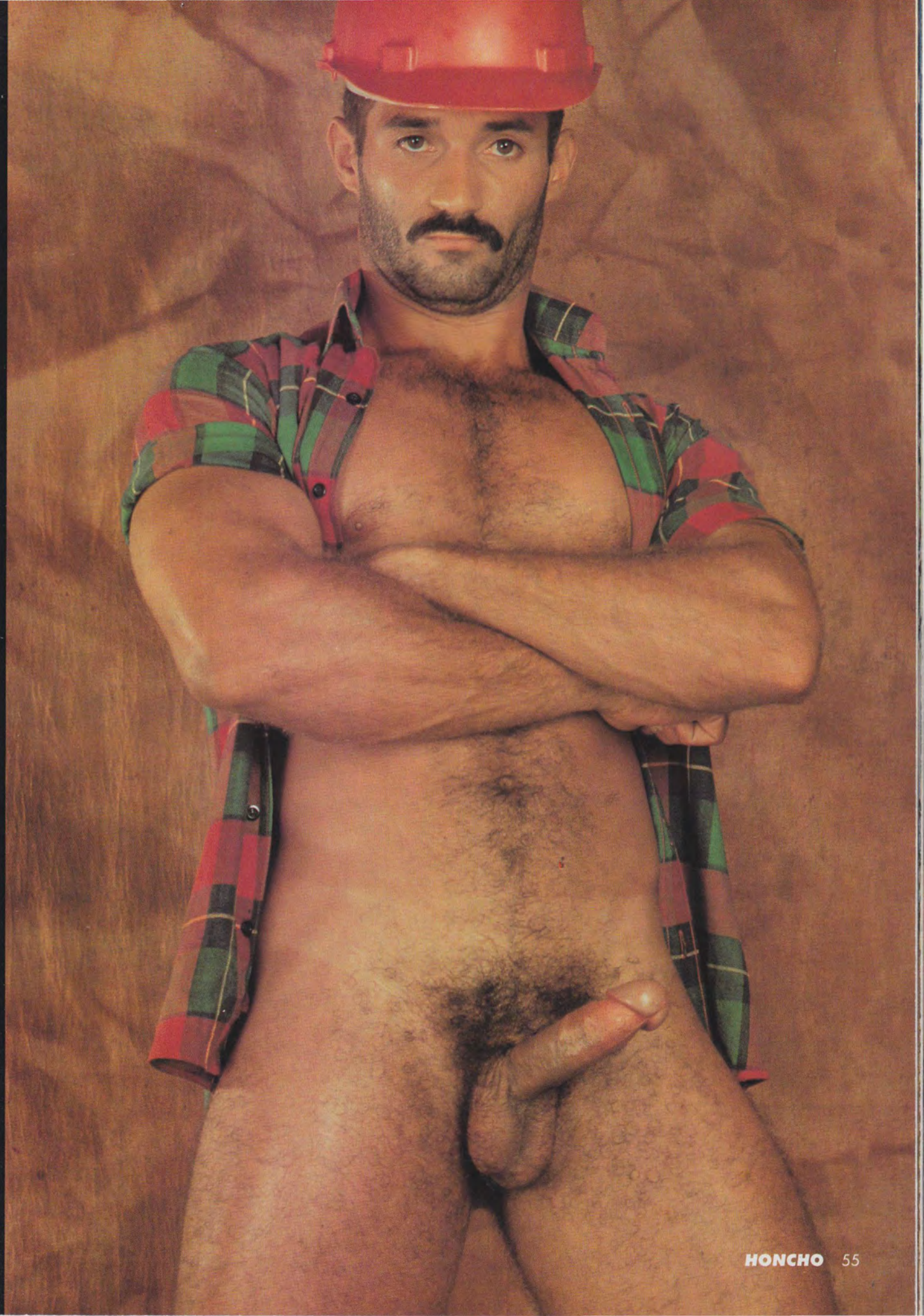
WORKING STIFF

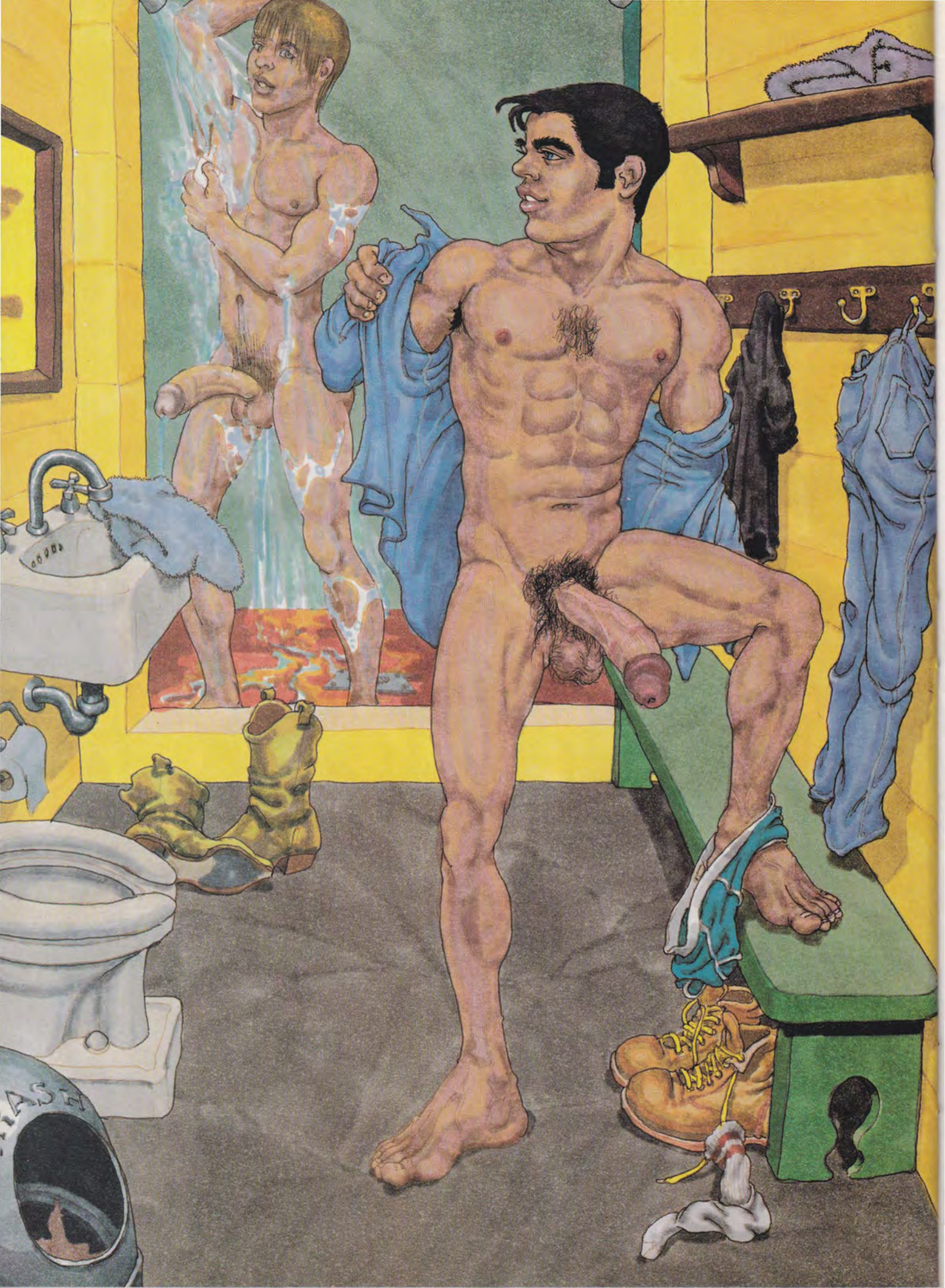
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCOSTUDIO











Grabbing a bite at the rest stop. . .

I pulled up to Jerry's Truck Stop around nine-thirty in the morning. It was rather quiet, only two cars and one semi in the parking lot. It had been over two years since I'd been there. I hoped they still had the showers in the back. Having camped out the night before, I needed a good scrubbing.

I walked into the small diner, which looked exactly the same as I remembered. The waitress, Judy, brought me a menu.

"Do you still have the showers here?" I asked.

"Oh, sure, honey. If you hurry, you can finish before the lunch rush starts. You know how busy these places can get," she said. "You want coffee?"

"Please. And if you'd bring me a cinnamon roll with butter, that should just about do it."

Trucker's Delight

by Stephen A. Peters

When she left, I noticed the man in the next booth. He was about thirty, with shoulder length sandy-blond hair covered by a baseball cap. Light brown eyes and a nice smile. Your typical hunky trucker. A bit rough around the edges. He kept watching me as he drank his coffee. I nodded and said "Hi." He gruffly nodded back and went on eating his breakfast.

Judy returned with my coffee and roll and asked if I needed to rent a towel or anything for my shower.

"No, thanks," I replied. "I've got everything I need in my car."

The man in the next booth asked for his check, paid it and walked out the back door. I was kind of relieved. All that butch macho-stuff made me nervous.

I finished up, paid the bill, then pulled my car around as Judy had suggested. I got my travel bag out of the trunk and was starting toward the shower building when out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the truck still sitting there. Maybe he was sleeping or something, I thought. As I entered the hallway to the showers, I could hear the sound of water running. Great! Just what I needed. Having to take a shower with some hard-assed macho trucker!

I entered the locker room and decided that I'd shave first, in hopes that the trucker would be finished with his shower when I was ready to take mine. Not that I was feeling shy. On the contrary, I was horny as hell! I was afraid I'd spring a rod in the shower and maybe risk getting the shit beat out of me by Mr. Macho Man.

The trucker had his back to me as I walked to the sinks. As I passed by I snuck a quick look. He had a muscular back and legs. Well-shaped ass. Nice and firm. His body looked more like that of an athlete than a long-haul trucker.

As I stood watching him, he dropped his soap and bent over to pick it up. The muscles in his legs tightened as his pretty pink asshole seemed to stare at me.

Was this a subtle attempt to lure me into the showers? Or wishful thinking on my part? I chose the safer option, and decided to shave my face.

Staring into the mirror, I confronted a day's growth of beard. The stubble looked pretty good. It drew attention to my dark eyes. My reflection was rather handsome, I thought. Short black hair and sharp features. "You're on vacation," I said to myself, "why not let it grow a little longer." So with that I put my shaving utensils back in my kit and proceeded to undress.

As I stripped, I checked myself out in the mirror. I was quite proud of my body. At six-one, I had a slender build with great definition. Not overly muscular, just right. I ran my hands caressingly over my chest and stomach. The sensation of skin on skin felt good, almost *too* good. Then I suddenly remembered where I was—and with whom!

It may have already been too late; the trucker's eyes met mine in the mirror. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders in a feeble attempt at passing it off. I couldn't tell if it had worked as we shuffled past each other, changing places. Both of us seemed to hide behind our towels.

I turned the water on and allowed the strong, hot jets to envelope me. After a day of driving, and sleeping in the wilderness, this felt great! I was enjoying the warm bullets of spray pounding my muscular body, relaxing my tight, sore muscles, when I suddenly felt the trucker's eyes staring at me. I turned to see him leaning up against the wall.

He had his shirt on, but unbuttoned; he wasn't wearing anything else! I followed the line of his opened shirt down his torso. He had a nicely developed chest, with just a hint of hair between his pecs.

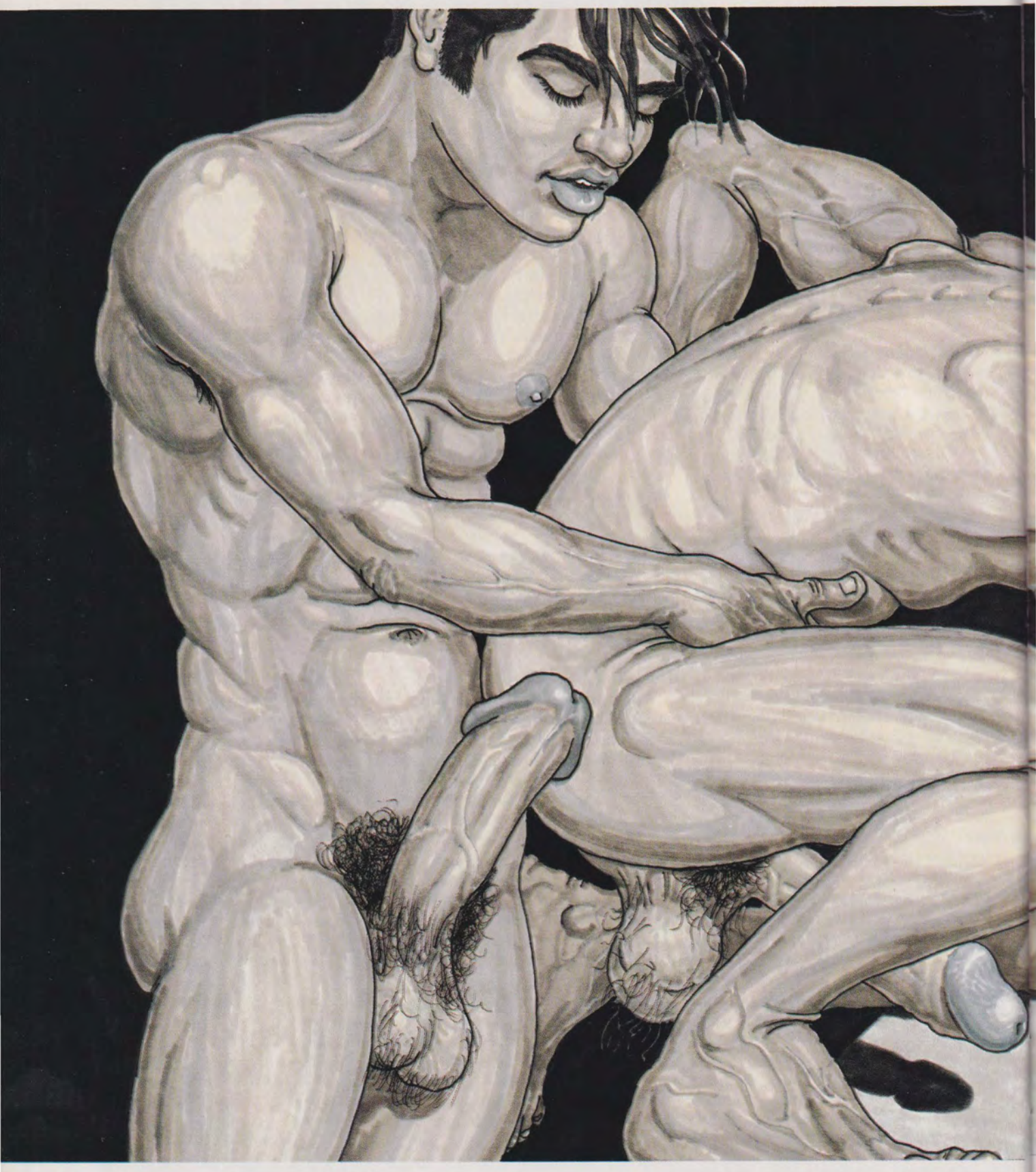
My eyes kept moving downward to where his left hand held his semi-hard cock. God! It was a thick eight or nine inches long. How big would that thing be when it was completely stiff?

His head was tilted in a cocky, self-assured manner, almost as if to say, "Come and get it. You *know* you want it!" The attitude both scared and intrigued me. Then he shifted slightly and moved his hand so I could see his entire fat shaft, and his egg-sized balls in their plump sac.

All the while, his gaze never left my body. His eyes were mesmerizing, drawing me closer to him. Still, I resisted.

Finally he turned directly towards me. He jabbed his thumb into the base of his cock and pulled the swollen head down between his legs, showing off its

Illustrations by M. Kirwan



impressive size. As if I wasn't already aware of those beautiful nine inches!

When I still didn't move, he began to twist his right nipple with his left hand. Slowly. Sensuously.

I could feel my own dick starting to grow as I watched this titillating scene. When he let go of his cock, it sprang up and pointed straight at me. I couldn't hold back any longer. I slowly walked over and knelt in front of him. As I placed my lips around the crown of his cock, he took my head in his hands.

I lapped at his mushroomed knob, moistened his entire cock with my saliva as I sucked him in and out of my mouth. His breathing became heavier and faster with each long stroke.

"Yeah, suck that cock!" he said. "Take the whole damn thing!"

I responded by spearing his cock all the way down my throat. He was harder, thicker, maybe ten inches long.

"That's right. Suck it hard!" he said in a deep voice. "Umm . . . Yeah. That feels good. REAL good. Oh, yeah! Flip that tongue around it!"

I swirled around on his tender dickhead, and he moaned. Then he put his hands under my arms and pulled me up to him. His lips met mine, his tongue pushed its way into my mouth. I was trapped in a breath-taking kiss. My cock slid between his legs, under his fat balls, nestling in the crack of his ass, his own stiff rod captured between our stomachs.

I stripped off his shirt and pulled him into the shower with me. I turned on all the jets and pointed them at us. Then I took my soap and lathered up my cock as I once again kissed him, driving my tongue into *his* mouth this time. The harder I lashed, the hotter he became.

"Put that cock of yours up my ass!" he whispered in my ear. "I want you inside me!" Then he turned around and spread his legs.

There was that pink asshole again, staring at me. Only this time there was no question as to what it wanted. I placed the tip of my cock up against his tight hole. Slowly I pushed forward, till the head of my hard cock popped past his clenched buttring.

"Oh, slow . . . *slow*!" he moaned as he placed his hands on my hips to guide mine. "It's been a long time since I've had one this size. Take it nice and s . . . l . . . o . . . w!" By the time he'd finished the word "slow", I was com-

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pletely in, right to the balls. I waited a few moments, then started pulling back out. His tight hole gripped my dick firmly.

I was in no hurry. I wanted to take my time fucking his firm, tight ass. In all the way, then back out to the tip. His asshole practically begged for more! As he became more accustomed to the size of my cock, I increased the tempo of my thrusts.

"You've got a great ass!" I said between gasps.

"Yeah. Hot ass gettin' fucked by a big dick."

He began to speed up the tempo, working his butt to meet each of my thrusts. He wanted to be fucked rough—and he was gonna make sure he got it!

"Oh, man that feels so fuckin' good. Fuck that tight ass!" he screamed as he bucked harder on my cock. "Shove that dick all the way in!"

He reached around, grabbed my ass and pulled me hard against him. I slammed my cock deeper and deeper, my balls slapping against his wet ass with each collision. I put my hands on his taut, muscular ass and spread 'em further apart, kneading his tight buns as I drove harder, faster.

The trucker moved back from the wall, bent down and grabbed his ankles, giving me a better shot at his hot hole. His tailbone slammed against my crotch with each thrust as we began to fuck each other wildly.

I forgot completely where we were. I slapped his right bun. The smack on his wet ass echoed loudly, as if I'd slapped him much harder than I had.

"That's right," he said, "fuck me till I can't sit down. Pound that cock up my ass!"

I slapped his ass again, and he moaned. I'd found what he liked, and I kept it up. Smacking his ass as my prick pistoned in and out of his tight hole.

The tempo of our fuck increased. Pretty soon I knew I couldn't hold back. The pressure was building in my nuts.

I grabbed the trucker's hips with both hands and pulled him back hard against my cock. He sensed I was close and grabbed his own drooling ten-incher, beating it in tempo with my thrusts. His ass was taking my whole cock with each shove.

"Oh, God! I'm gonna cum!" I groaned.

My nuts pulled up tight and I began to shoot up inside him. He let out a long moan as his own dick fired, blasting stream after stream onto the shower floor.

We finally quit shooting and I collapsed onto his back. After resting a few seconds, trying to regain our composure, I pulled my cock from his tight ass. We took turns washing each other's dicks, exploring each other's well toned-bodies, sudsing and soaping every inch.

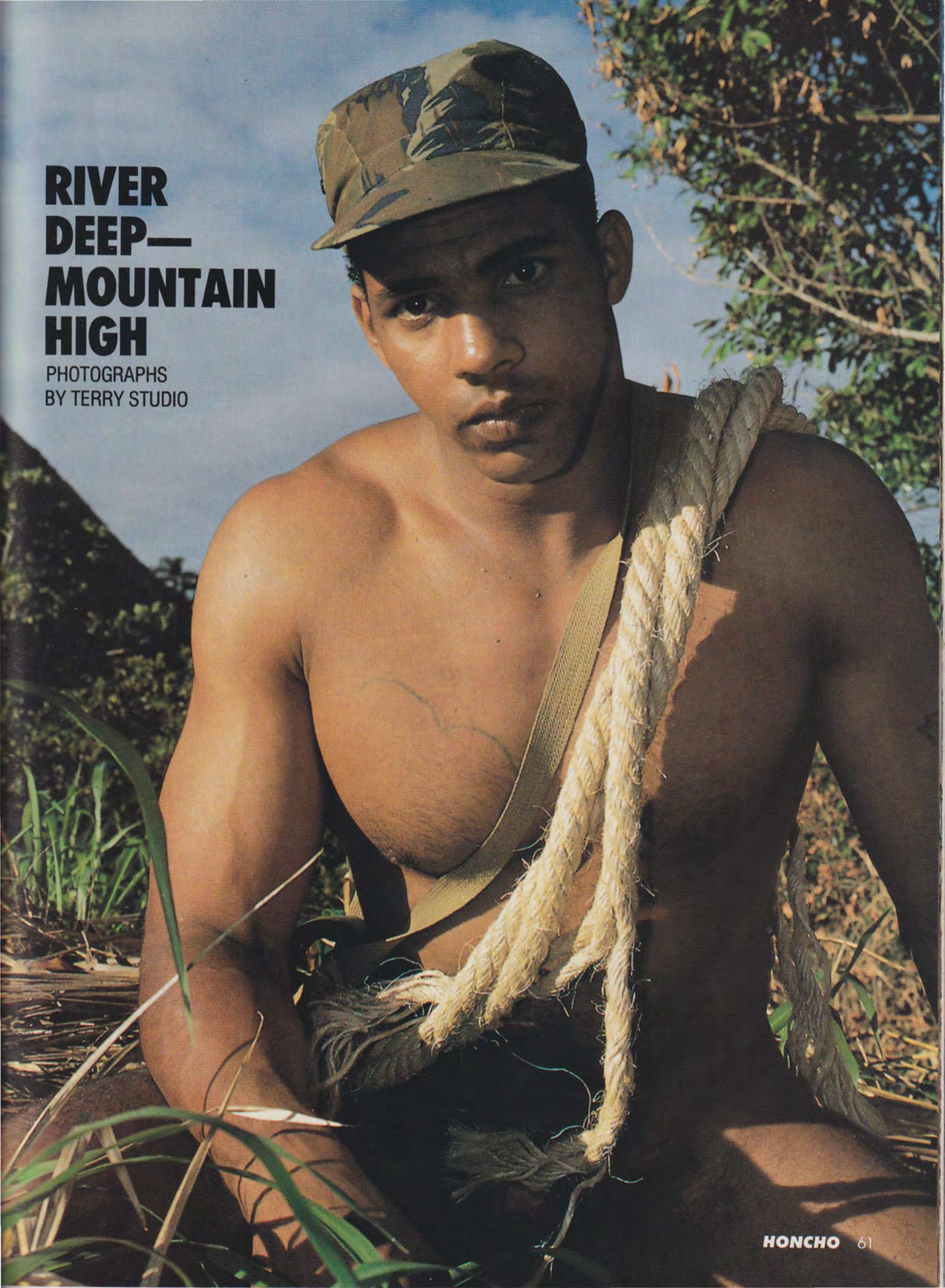
I couldn't hold back any longer. I slowly walked over and knelt in front of him. As I placed my lips around the crown of his cock, he took my head in his hands. I lapped at his big, mushroomed knob.

After a while, we began making small talk. I learned his name was Sam and that he was driving a truck to save up enough money to open a bar. He was hauling a load down south when he stopped in here and noticed me.

He knelt down and started sucking my cock again , quickly getting it rock hard. Suddenly he looked up at me, and smiled.

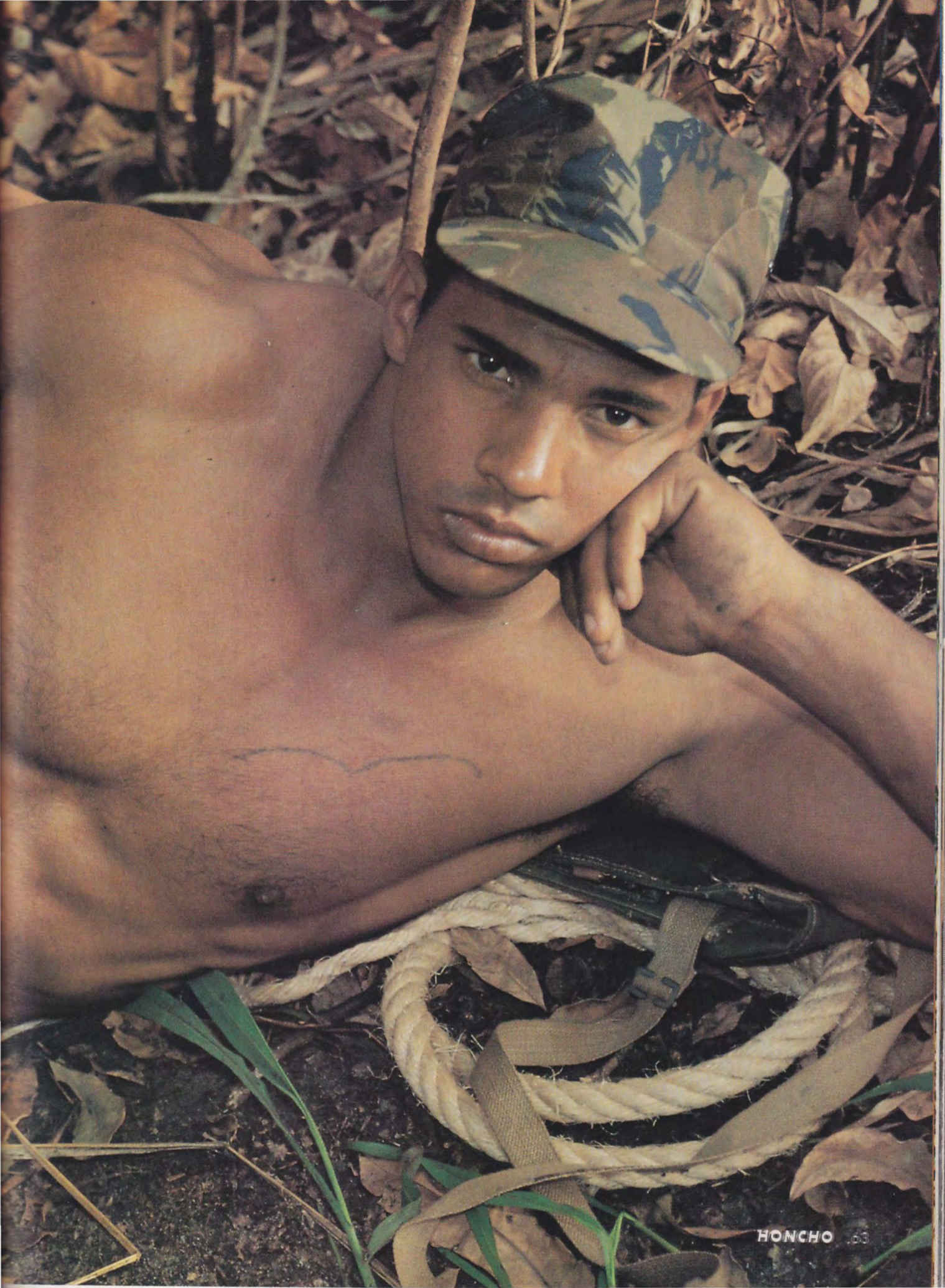
"Why don't you ride along with me?" he asked. "I'm sure we could find a safe place to leave your car. The trip would be fun, to say nothing of the fringe benefits!"

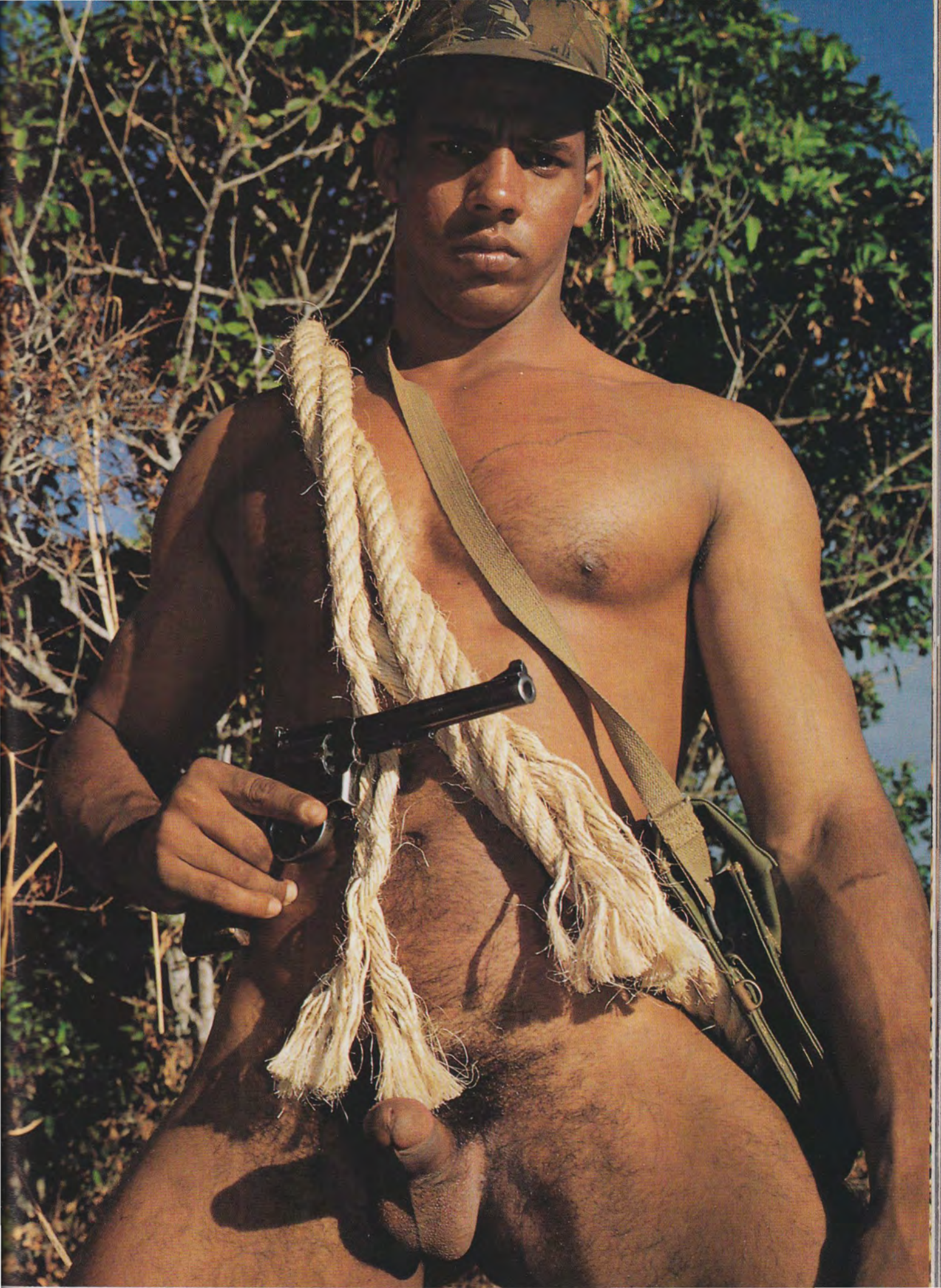
I thought about it for a second. Seeing my indecision, Sam resumed his blowjob, trying to persuade me. His hot, slick tongue licked up and down my hard-on, stabbing in and out of my pisshole. I could tell this was one cocksucking trucker who wouldn't take no for an answer! ■

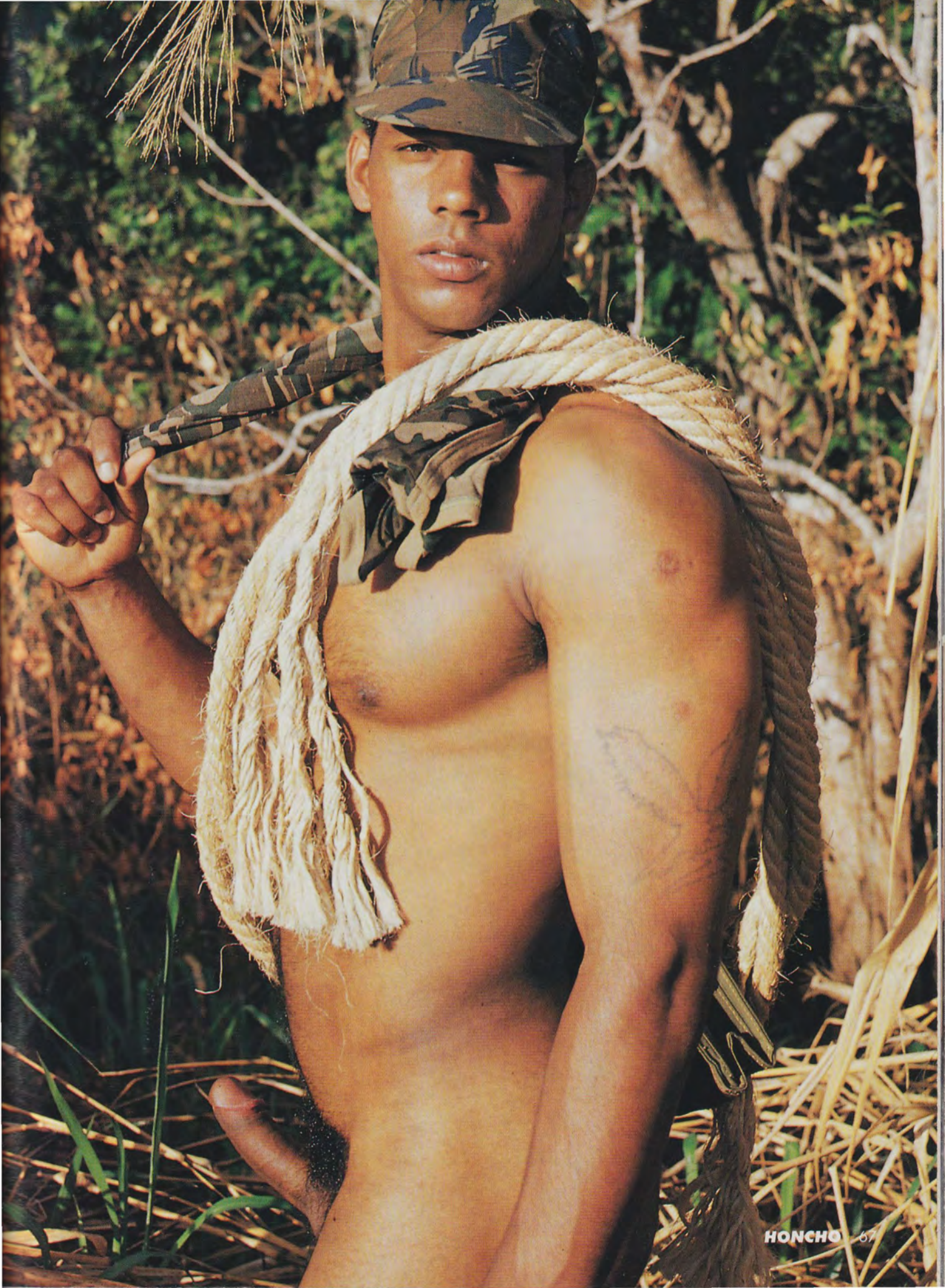


RIVER DEEP— MOUNTAIN HIGH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY STUDIO







Gay Relationships

Making them work for *you!*

By Ferguson Smith, M.S.

Brandon is new to the dating scene. Since "coming out" about a year ago, he has had three different relationships end almost as suddenly as they began. "I'm fine with the initial dating stage—the charm and seduction," he says. "I just don't know what to do after that. So, of course, the relationship falls apart."

Brandon isn't alone. No relationship is easy—any two people are going to have plenty of differences, regardless of their sexes and regardless of how much they have in common. But relationships between two men are particularly difficult. Not only is considerable social pressure working against these unions, but the partnership also obviously doesn't include a member of the sex that traditionally has been trained and prepped to handle the communication and emotional components in a relationship.

To make matters worse, there are no role models for gay men to study. Social stigma and the threat of discrimination have forced most gay men to do their relating in private, when no one else is around. So while there're plenty of healthy gay couples, these relationships are not highly visible in our society and certainly aren't on prominent display for gay youths to see.

The result is that male-to-male relationships are difficult to establish—and even more difficult to maintain. This doesn't mean it can't be done; it *is*—frequently and successfully. But, given the lack of positive role models, nearly every gay man is left to wonder: How the hell do I make this relationship *work*?

Most relationships between men involve the following five challenges. Still, no obstacle is so large that it can't be overcome:

Money: In a culture in which "money" is synonymous with "status"—and in which men are pressured to succeed, succeed, succeed—it makes sense that money is

Illustration by DON

one hurdle that all male couples face. It can be a problem in relationships between men and women too, but the difference is that the social code dictates opposite roles for the sexes: Women aren't *supposed* to be the breadwinners; *men* are. When the relationship consists of two men, conflict is inevitable.

Since money is power—at least in some sense of the word—the partner in the relationship who makes the most money usually has the most power. "I'd like to be able to suggest things for us to do together," Brad says about his two-year relationship with Dave. "But I can't afford too many extras. So I leave it to Dave to decide. After all, it's *his* money. But that means he ends up making most of the decisions about how we're going to spend our time."

A good relationship means an equal partnership. Still, disparate incomes make egalitarianism difficult. It's unrealistic—and extremely self-limiting—for anyone to restrict potential dates or lovers to those men who are in a comparable income bracket. But how can you make a relationship work when one partner's earning power is far greater than his mate's?

First—and this is the most important thing you can do about *any* conflict—talk about it with your partner. One solution, at least with couples who haven't been dating long, is to stick to activities that the poorer of the two can afford. That way, no one feels resentful that he's being forced to spend more than he can afford, or that he's shelling out more cash than the other.

For couples who've been together for an extended amount of time, another possible solution is to compare incomes and reach an understanding of exactly how much a dollar is worth to each partner. Then each one pays for activities and expenses according to his means. For instance, if one partner makes $50,000 a year and the other makes $25,000, the more wealthy of the two can pay for nights on the town twice as often. This way, both men have a say in what the couple does, but the one with the higher income isn't forced to live below his means.

One thing couples *shouldn't* do—at least at first—is merge finances. It's a nice sentiment. But unless the relationship is a really solid one, the more wealthy of the two partners is bound to feel resentful that he's contributing more to the pot than the other.

Sex: Just as important as money is the issue of sex. Because our society assigns each of the two genders very different sex roles, gay men are left to decide who will be the aggressor and who will submit. Getting beyond these confining arbitrary sex roles can be wonderfully liberating. But it isn't always as easy as it sounds.

In a heterosexual relationship, for example, it's the man who's supposed to have the stronger sex drive. (Though it's not always the case, this is society's "script.") But when the relationship consists of two men, the one with the weaker sex drive may feel particularly inadequate and unmasculine. And this, of course, only makes him feel even less sexy. "Gay men especially need to understand that not everyone has the same sexual needs," says Andy, a certified sex therapist. "It's the quality of the sex that makes for a good relationship, not the *quantity*."

No relationship is easy to maintain, and being gay doesn't make it any easier. But given that gay lovers have already bucked social pressure by getting into relationships with same-sex partners in the first place, overcoming obstacles like money, sex, competition and poor communications should be a piece of cake.

What can gay couples do about society's inaccurate ideas about what it takes to be a "real" man? Perhaps the best thing is to ignore them. "In bed, people should do what makes them happy," Andy says. "If that means always being the one to get fucked, then that's what you should do."

Still, dominant/passive role-playing in bed can push some couples toward doing the same thing out of bed too, with the topman always calling the shots in every area. Given the traditional view of passive anal sex, it genuinely can be difficult for natural born bottommen to maintain equality in a relationship.

"A lot of men have success by trading off who plays the dominant role," Andy says. "That doesn't mean they have to keep a tally or take turns, but it does

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Photo by MALEXPRESS

SALESMAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

do you say?"

"I say let's take it out for a drive."

"I'll get the keys," the saleman said, dashing off across the lot like a scared rabbit. He was back in a flash. But I couldn't help notice the blank contract he'd tucked into his shirt pocket.

"Uh, where're we headed?" Willis asked, nervously looking around.

"I want to try this baby on the open road," I said, sliding into the driver's seat. "You can't tell nothing about a car just by driving a couple of blocks around town."

"Oh. I understand," he agreed, his eyes darting toward the lump in my jeans.

I opened the car up on the straightaway beyond the city limits and she sounded pretty damned good. After driving about ten miles, I turned off onto a winding country road to check the steering response. Then all of a sudden smoke started pouring out from under the hood and the engine started making the damndest noises I'd ever heard.

"Pull over!" Willis frantically croaked, his hands gripping the dash.

I steered toward the shoulder, then came to a stop. The engine coughed and farted a couple of times. Then it sputtered and died.

"Oh, Jesus!" Willis wailed, jumping out of the car and pacing around it. "What're we going to do?"

"*We*!" I climbed out and looked over at him, trying not to laugh. "Seems to me it's *your* problem, Bucko. Looks like you were figuring to run a scam on me. That right, Willis?"

"Huh?" He looked across at me, his eyelids aflutter. "I wasn't trying to sell you a piece of shit, Mr. McIntyre. It's one of the best ones we had on the lot!"

"That don't say much for your place of business, does it?" I remarked, locking eyes with the young saleman. "Seems to me you owe me, Willis."

"What?" he gulped, seemingly unaware of what I was talking about. "You didn't give me any money yet."

"I ain't talking *money*, Willis. I'm talking about our *bet*."

"Bet?" As my meaning sank it, his eyes got as big as saucers and his mouth dropped open. "Hell, man, that was just a figure of speech. I didn't mean. . ."

"You didn't mean what?" I snapped, circling around the car towards him.

Willis started backing away from me, heading straight into the brush between the edge of the road and the woods beyond. Then he tripped over a rock and landed on his ass in a growth of weeds.

I leaned against the side of the car and folded both arms across my chest, spreading my legs wide. "You've been staring at it all day," I growled,

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thrusting my hips forward. "You mean to tell me you don't want it?"

"Yes! I mean *no*. I wasn't looking."

"Come on, Willis, you can do better than that." I peeled out of my T-shirt and tossed it aside, letting him see my bare torso. When I flexed, my pecs bounced, tightening into hard, knotted mounds capped with big thick nipples. Then I sucked in my gut and clenched my fists, popping a network of veins from wrist to shoulder. "This is what you've been wanting to seee, isn't it Willis?"

The salesman clambered to his feet but he wasn't backing away anymore. Something stirred in the crotch of those damned pants of his. Then I noticed the hunger in his gaze. "You bet your ass, Willis. It ain't smart to welsh on a bet."

"I was just looking because I can't believe it's real," he blurted, jamming his hands into his pockets.

"What's that, Willis?" I asked, menacingly flexing my biceps.

"You better get that fly open or I'm liable to rip my pants," I growled.

Willis dropped to his knees and popped the button on my jeans. His nose burrowed in my sweaty bush and started rooting around while he peeled my pants down around my ankles. I heard him moan with pleasure when my cock swung free and bumped against his cheek. Then he clasped it with both hands and started to lick it, base to tip.

The guy's lips felt as good as they looked, nuzzling the whole aching length of my schlong. When he got down to the big hooded knob on the end, he groaned happily. "Oh man, I love unskinned dick,"he muttered, pinching it and giving it a tug.

My thighs tensed and my balls started to shift in their sac as he pulled harder, stretching 'em practically down to my knees. "Chew on it," I ordered, putting a hand on his head and giving a push. Willis nipped me with his teeth and started chewing,

Jizz pumped out of me like a geyser, splattering onto his shoulders and dripping down into his sweaty crack. I held him tight till the last drops had oozed out. Then we both collapsed onto the hood of the car.

"Your cock; that's what. I figure you got it stuffed with a couple of socks," Willis accused, staring at me definatly.

"You come and check it out, man," I challenged. "If every inch ain't what it seems to be, I'll carry you on my back into town."

Willis hesitated for a minute, then stepped back across the ditch. I leaned back against the car and waited, confident he'd be unable to resist my offer. The next thing I knew, the salesman grabbed me between the legs and squeezed.

"Feels real enough," he admitted, his eyes glazing over with lust. "You're not shitting me, are you?"

I chuckled and shook my head from side to side. "I don't believe in false advertising," I drawled.

"The rest of you is real, too," he teased, running his hands up over my belly and across my chest.

digging his tongue into the tight hood and teasing at my cumhole. It didn't take much of that action to pop my rod out like an iron bar. Then I grabbed my prick and snapped back the skin, baring the big sticky head for some more tongue worship.

Evidently Willis had sucked cock before. He took after my knob like a pro, polishing it till it glistened and bulged in the last rays of daylight. Before long he had me leaking like crazy, using his velvety tongue to slick down the cap and half the thick shaft. Though he tried going down on me a couple of times, his teeth kept getting in the way. But he did what he could with his soft, full lips, working my nuts into a tight hard knot.

"On your feet, Willis," I barked after a while, unable to wait for my prize any longer. "I wanna see what's hidden under those goddammed ugly pants."

Pulling him to his feet, I put him to work sucking my tits while I popped the buttons on his shirt and got him out of his polyester trousers. His butt was as tight as it had appeared to be, the firm cheeks covered with a soft, downy fuzz that you could feel but not see. Never mind that his prick was throbbing against my belly ! I started working a finger into his crack, looking for the bull's-eye.

When I found it, I tickled his asshole till he was slobbering all over my hairy chest. Willis's narrow hips started humping away like crazy. Then I rammed my finger in up to the second knuckle, loosening his ring so I could flip him over the hood of the car and collect on my bet.

"Time to pay your debt, Willis," I gloated, peeling him off my body and walking him the few steps to the hood of the car, my finger still wedged deep in his tight asshole. "Now you just lean over and spread 'em and your buddy Pete here will take care of the rest."

"You're not gonna hurt me, are you?" he whimpered, nervously looking down at my stiff pecker. "You're awful big."

"Hey, Willis," I chuckled, stroking his gorgeous buns, "no way I'd hurt anything this pretty. You just take a deep breath and relax. Leave the driving to me."

When he was draped over the car, I got down and pulled his cock and balls back where I could get at 'em. Then I licked him from the tip of his crank, up over his fuzzy balls, and all the way back to his quivering manhole. Willis squealed with pleasure when my tongue slipped into him, wetting his chute with a big glob of spit.

"Oh yeah!" he howled.

Standing up and rubbing my big cock knob against the quivering pink lips of his manhole, I watched in amazement as the tight pucker slowly gaped open. I leaned forward, sinking into him like a knife going through warm butter. The hairs on my body stood up on end as I continued to slide in, meeting no resistance till my heavy balls bounced off the fender of the car. Then the muscles in his back tensed and gave a thrust, swelling my cockhead up to full size.

"Now Willis," I growled, kneading his tight buns, "move your ass like a three-hundred-dollar whore!"

The salesman looked over his shoulder and grinned. His whole body tensed and I had the feeling I'd been plugged into a fucking milking machine. Then Willis kicked into gear, his asshole clasping around my prick, sending rushes of pure animal pleasure up the shaft and through my whole frame.

I stood there and let him do all the work for a while, then clamped my hands down on his waist and started to drive. First I pulled out real slow, watching the ring of bright pinkness slide along the entire vein-ridged length of my prick. Then I drove it back in, rocking the old wreck of a car back and forth. The faster I went, the louder Willis groaned until, before long, the shock absorber springs were creaking in earnest.

"Fuck me, man. That's it! Oh, yeah. Give it to me, man. Fuck my ass." Willis arched his back and pushed his body up off the hood of the car, rubbing his shoulders against my chest. Then I wrapped my arms around him and fucked him silly, bringing him up on tiptoe every time I drove it home.

His prick was squirting honey on every stroke, making the hood of the car gleam like new. When I wrapped a hand around his huge erection, Willis started gasping and groaning. Then his cock blasted off before I'd landed a dozen strokes on it.

When he came, his assring tightened down like a vise, making me want to pop my cork as well. Frantically, I yanked my cock out of his grasping shithole and shot a load all over his back. Jizz pumped out of me like a geyser, splattering onto his shoulders and dripping down into his sweaty crack. I held him tight till the last drops had oozed out. Then we both collapsed onto the hood of the car.

"I don't know about you," I said, once I got my breathing back under control, "but I'm kind of glad that old heap broke down out here."

"Yeah," Willis agreed, slyly winking at me. "I guess you're not gonna buy it, huh?"

"I guess not," I agreed. "Tell you what, though. You find me a decent car and get yourself a decent pair of pants and we'll take another test drive about this time tomorrow. What do you say to that?"

"Sold!" he shouted, grinning from ear to ear. ■

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

fiti that at first glance you could miss the sawed-out hole in it. Right about crotch level. A little wider than a beer can, with magic marker arrows pointing toward it and crude writing all around it. Stuff like: *If you're big enuf to fill this hole, try my mouth!* And: *Get blowed here...who's to know?*

Holy shit! I thought. So *that's* how they do it! Just stick your cock through a hole in the wall and let someone—*anyone*—who's on the other side blow you!

Maybe it's admitting how square I am, but I'd never heard of anything like that in my life! It made sense, though, in a sick kinda way. No fuss, no muss, just stick it through and get it on! In a lotta ways, I thought, the fags sure had simplified things. Cut right through all the bullshit and got down to basics!

It made me laugh when I thought of all the crap I hadda go through with Bonnie just to get her to put my dick in her mouth for a couple minutes. And she wasn't even *good* at it! She always whined that my cock was too big for her to suck. It hurt her mouth. Stretched her lips. And those goddamn *teeth!* But if somebody wanted to suck cock bad enough to do it to a complete stranger through a hole in a shithouse wall, *they* might be pretty good at it...

It happened so slowly and gradually that I wasn't even aware I was playing with myself until I felt the first upward twitch of response shoot through my cock and realized I was getting a hard-on. Whatever the reason behind it—my fight with my wife, my horniness, the beer, or the strangeness of the situation I was in—I was definitely growing a boner.

"You'd *like* a good blowjob, wouldn't you?" a voice inside me whispered. "Think how *good* it would feel. When's the last time you had one? I mean, had some *really* good head? That black hooker, at the Elks' convention in Chicago?"

That sudden memory from more than ten years ago shot into my mind with such force that my cock almost jumped out of my hand. It surged upward and forward, stiffening at least another two inches. It was at the point where it could almost stand up by itself, without the support of my hand.

I started stroking myself with a little more purpose. What the hell? Why not? No sense in wasting a damn good hard-on. And besides, I'd only be finishing what I'd already started back

at the house. I needed a little relief if I didn't plan on committing murder when I got home. Might as well get all the tension out now.

My fingers tightened in an all-too-familiar grip and started to beat off in earnest. With my eyes closed, I heard a tapping sound come from one of the toilet stalls further down the line. The guy in the next booth answered it with a tap of his own. Almost like a code. I heard him whisper, "It's okay. I think he's trade."

And then, unmistakable in so much quiet, I heard the start of a wet, slurping noise. Then a deep moan, then a sigh, and then the definite smacking of lips around a solid object.

"Holy hell!" I thought. "Now the *other* two are goin' at it! With me right here, listenin' to it all, somebody down there's gettin' blowed!"

Several strong, conflicting emotions tugged at me all at once. The first said to zipper up and get my ass the hell out of there as fast as I could. I felt dirty and disgusted with myself for even being there longer than it had taken me to piss. Knowing the kind of place it was, why was I hangin' around? What if somebody else walked in and saw me standin' there with a boner stickin' outta my pants? They'd think *I* was part of what was goin' on, too. But it sounded so damn hot.

The little guy with the bad rug was pantin' like a dog in heat now. Tappin' out such desperate signals to me on the toilet wall you'd have thought he was tryin' to save the Titantic. When I looked over, I saw his finger wrigglin' through the hole. Motioning for me to step forward. Move closer. Put my hot cock through the hole an' let him have a taste of it.

"*Please!*" he whimpered. "Please, officer. You won't be sorry."

I had a strong hunch he was right. Anyone *that* desperate for a cock wouldn't be all dry tongue and teeth. He probably sucked as good as that black hooker in Chicago. Maybe even better. So why was I holdin' back? My *prick* sure was ready, if not my mind. I could almost swear it was straining toward the jagged hole in the wall as I tried to keep it in place.

My ears were ringing with the sounds from the other booths. Now that they thought any danger was past, those two were really going at it. I heard the one guy's knees hitting the dividing wall as he pumped his dick harder and faster into *his* cocksucker's mouth. Probably ready to cum, the bastard. What *he* was getting felt so damn good he was going to pop his nut in another couple minutes, and *I* was still standing there with my dick in my own hand like a real dork.

"Stick it through the hole," the nerd whispered. His mouth was right next to it, his tongue flicking out at me in brazen invitation. All I had to do was turn and take a few short steps.

"Ohhhhh, *man!*" The guy gettin' blown gasped out loud and his body hit the wall with a hard thud. "Yeah! *Yeah!* Take it, you bastard! *Swallow* that stuff!"

His lips took me right up to the peak. Then his tongue did a little fluttering dance on the underside of my dick that brought my juice up hot and heavy from my balls and sent it flying straight into his mouth.

The little guy's mouth disappeared from the hole, replaced in the next moment by his first two fingers. A twenty dollar bill was stuck between them. "Please!" he begged. "Let me suck your cock! I gotta have it! What's it worth to you? Is this enough?"

Without even thinking, I said, "Fifty." I don't know how it happened; it just came out of me.

His fingers pulled back through the hole and I heard a scrambling noise on the other side. When they reappeared, they were holding a second twenty and a crumpled ten.

"Here! *Take* it! *Please!*" he begged. "I'm going crazy!"

I could have snatched his money and taken off just like that. He sure couldn't have stopped me, and taking his money didn't mean I'd signed any contract with him in blood. But as soon as I reached out to take the bills, I knew I wasn't going to split. If anything, I was more turned on than before.

The sonuvabitch was willing to pay me fifty bucks, just so I'd let him suck my cock! *Let* him! Like it was some prize he *had* to pay for, even though—from *my* point of view, at least—the whole thing was slanted in my direction. *I'd* be the one getting all the pleasure. What could there be in it for *him?* Payin' to service another guy with his mouth? Man! How crazy could you get!

I took a deep breath, stuffed the bills in my pocket, and stepped up to the hole. My cock was so stiff by then it actually hurt when I bent it down to aim the head at the opening in the wall. I inched forward, just about clearing the rough edges of the circle. A deep gasp came from the other side of the wall, and suddenly the warm air from his mouth rushed at my cockhead and surrounded it. The next thing I knew, I was gettin' blown.

He went right to work, full steam ahead. His lips closed over the thick, flared ridge of my cockhead and sucked me straight back toward his throat. His tongue fluttered under the shaft as he pulled me deeper, and the feeling was unbelievable. His mouth was so warm. So wet. So anxious to please. His fingers fastened around my swollen shaft, about halfway from the tip of my balls, and gently urged me to step closer to the hole. He wanted more of it. *All* of it!

I'd never thought it was possible for anyone's mouth to swallow my whole cock. That convention hooker had only gone a little more than halfway down on my dick, and I'd thought I was in heaven. *This* guy was already at that point and moving past it! I'd never felt lips that far down on my cock before. The sensation was out of this world! I started to pump myself back and forth at the hole, wanting him to swallow even *more* of it!

I don't know how I'd have felt about the whole thing if I'd been able to *see* the guy. I mean, if he'd been out in the open, down on his knees in front of me. That might have freaked me, since it was the first time I'd ever put my cock in another guy's mouth.

But this was different. All I could see was that dirty wall in front of me, with all that perverted writing and those gigantic drawings of cocks everywhere I looked. It was like my dick was somewhere else completely. Off on its own, in some mysterious place beyond the wall, where an unseen force was

making it feel very, very good.

I'd never experienced anything like it before. I didn't even have to close my eyes to concentrate on the hot sensations of pleasure washing over me. My cock had taken complete control of my mind. Every feeling I had in me was centered in my dick, and *it* was completely at that cocksucker's mercy. With the wall securely between us, I was powerless to help or hinder him from doing whatever he wanted to me.

Maybe he realized that he was giving me too much of a good time too quickly. Because at just the moment when I was ready to let go with my load, he pulled back and slowed his movements. I made a grunt of disappointment deep in my throat, and tried to fuck his mouth through the hole. But he held me back with a tight fist around my shaft and his tongue barely moved on my cock. Only a few quick flutters around the head, as though to keep it wet and interested, until he sensed I'd calmed down enough for him to begin another assault.

"Uuuuuggghhhh!" I gasped hard when his mouth picked up its steady sucking motion at last. The feeling was out of this world! He pulled me so far down in his throat that I heard him gagging and tryin' not to choke. But he didn't stop for a moment, or ease back an inch. The dribble seeped out of his mouth and ran down my throbbing shaft. Thin wet trickles ran into my bush and slowly oozed over my balls. He made deep grunting noises while he sucked faster and faster. Probably beating off at the same time, I thought. But how anyone could get so turned on by having another guy's cock stuffed halfway down his gullet was sure beyond me!

By that point, though, I was only thinking about my own pleasure. I hoped the queer bastard would soon have enough and let me cum. He'd already brought me to the brink three times in the six or seven minutes he'd been blowing me. Right up to the edge. Just at the point of popping, with my dick so stiff it was actually twitching between his lips as it begged for one more tickle of that hot tongue to finish the job. And each time he'd stopped and forced me to calm down.

He knew I was ready to cum once again, and this time something told me he was ready to let me go for it. His mouth was getting so sloppy I had a little river of ooze running down my balls. He was going at me so hard and fast I actually heard his forehead banging against the wooden partition each time he sucked down deep. He grunted like a stuck pig. His hand made loud, smacking noises with his dick as he worked on himself at the same time his mouth brought me closer and closer.

When I felt it coming, he didn't draw back or try to stop me. His lips took me right up to the peak. Then his tongue did a little fluttering dance on the underside of my dick that brought my juice up hot and heavy from my balls and sent it flying straight into his mouth.

His lips closed over the thick, flared ridge of my cockhead and sucked me straight back toward his throat. His tongue fluttered under the shaft as he pulled me deeper, and the feeling was unbelievable. His mouth was so warm. So wet. So anxious to please.

I let out a helpless cry as the first hot wad of spunk shot out of me. He gulped hard, swallowing the thick ball of scum, then milked the base of my shaft with his lips to coax a second and a third and a fourth steaming jet from my nuts. He moaned like a cow in heat all the while he drank down my load. If cum was what he liked, I gave him a shot of juice he'd still be tasting by the end of next week! I couldn't remember the last time I'd cum so much. And I'm a guy who usually fires a couple quarts of the stuff *every* time I get off!

He stayed on me 'til the last twitch had run through my shaft and he was sure he'd milked me of every drop. Then, slowly and teasingly, he backed off with his lips tight around the shaft. Probably to be sure he wouldn't lose any of that steaming jizz when my cockhead finally popped free of his mouth. When it did, the sound was like a cork coming out of a bottle. He gave my dick a tight squeeze with his hand, then let go.

I heard a frantic rustling noise on the other side of the wall. Like he was frightened again, now that it was over, and wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible. It sounded like he tore some toilet paper off the roll and wiped himself. Then the toilet flushed and the door banged open and he was gone. He left me standing there with my dick still through the hole. I was too exhausted from the total release I'd just had even to pull back.

At last I heaved a heavy sigh and guided my cock out through the hole. The head was shining with a mixture of his spit and the tail end of my load. A thick strand of the stuff still clung to the underside of my bulb, in fact. As I reached in my pocket for my handkerchief to wipe it off, I suddenly jumped with surprise at the sound of another voice.

"*I'll* do that for you, officer."

I turned, startled, and saw a fresh-faced kid, a blond college-type, smiling at me. One of the guys from the other stall, I wondered? He brazenly glanced down at my dripping dick and murmured, "Don't mess your hankie. I'll be *glad* to clean off that beautiful thing for you." He started to get down on his knees.

I shook my head and backed away from him, hurrying to stuff my cock back in my pants.

"I don't have fifty bucks on me tonight," he said, staring hard, "but if you want to come back tomorrow night, same time, I'll *get* it."

I returned his stare. "Oh, yeah?"

His head nodded up and down. "*Yeah.*"

"I wonder what *your* mouth feels like?" I thought, then started to smile.

"Is it a date?" he asked.

"I dunno. Maybe."

His eyes went down to the still prominent bulge in my jeans. "If you *fuck* me with that gorgeous monster, I'll pay you double."

A hundred bucks? Just to stick my dick in that cute little ass he was showing in his Levis? And fifty already in my pocket, just for gettin' blown? Shit! Maybe I'd just found that second job Bonnie was after me to get! ■

HARD TIMES

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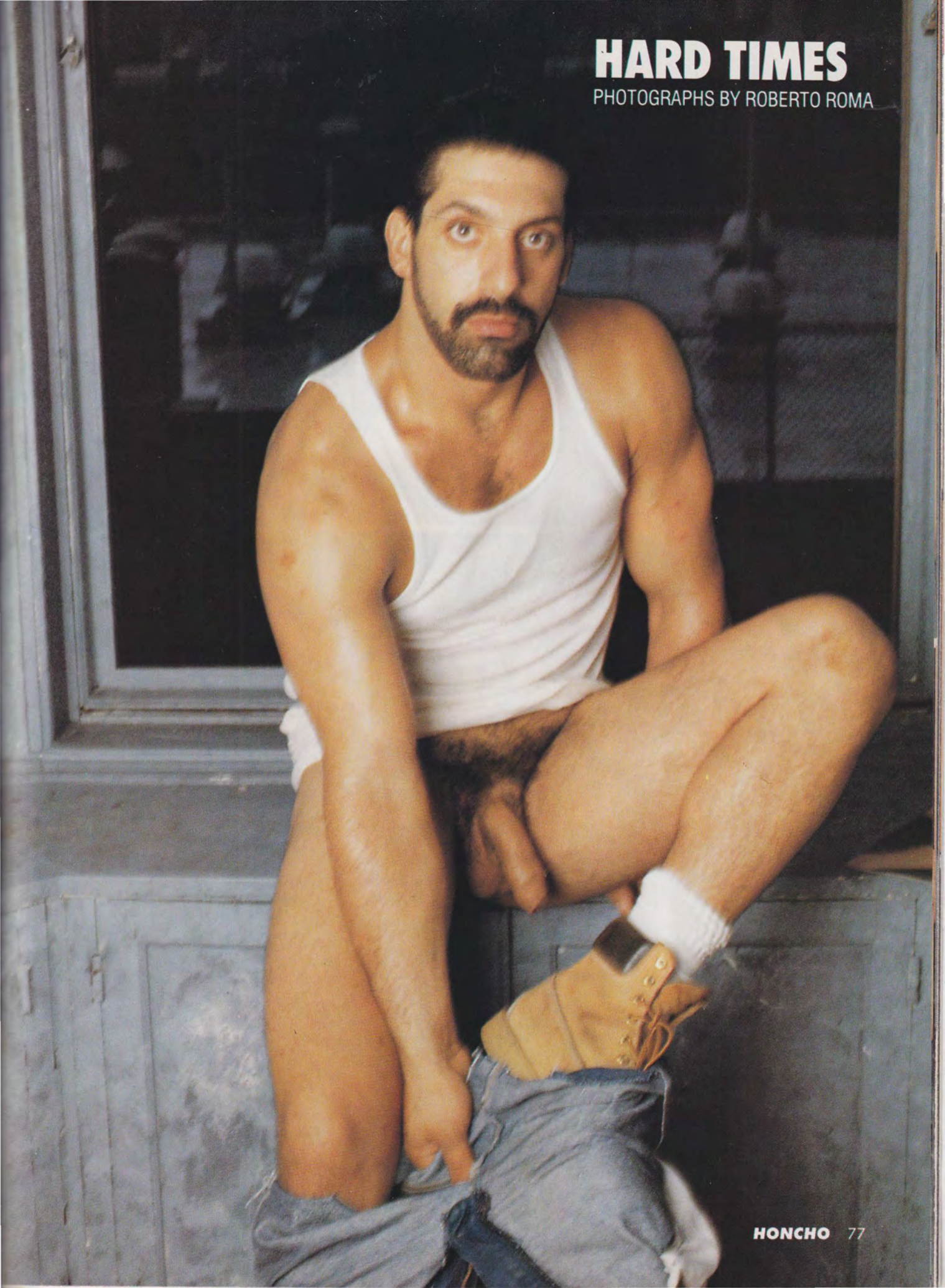

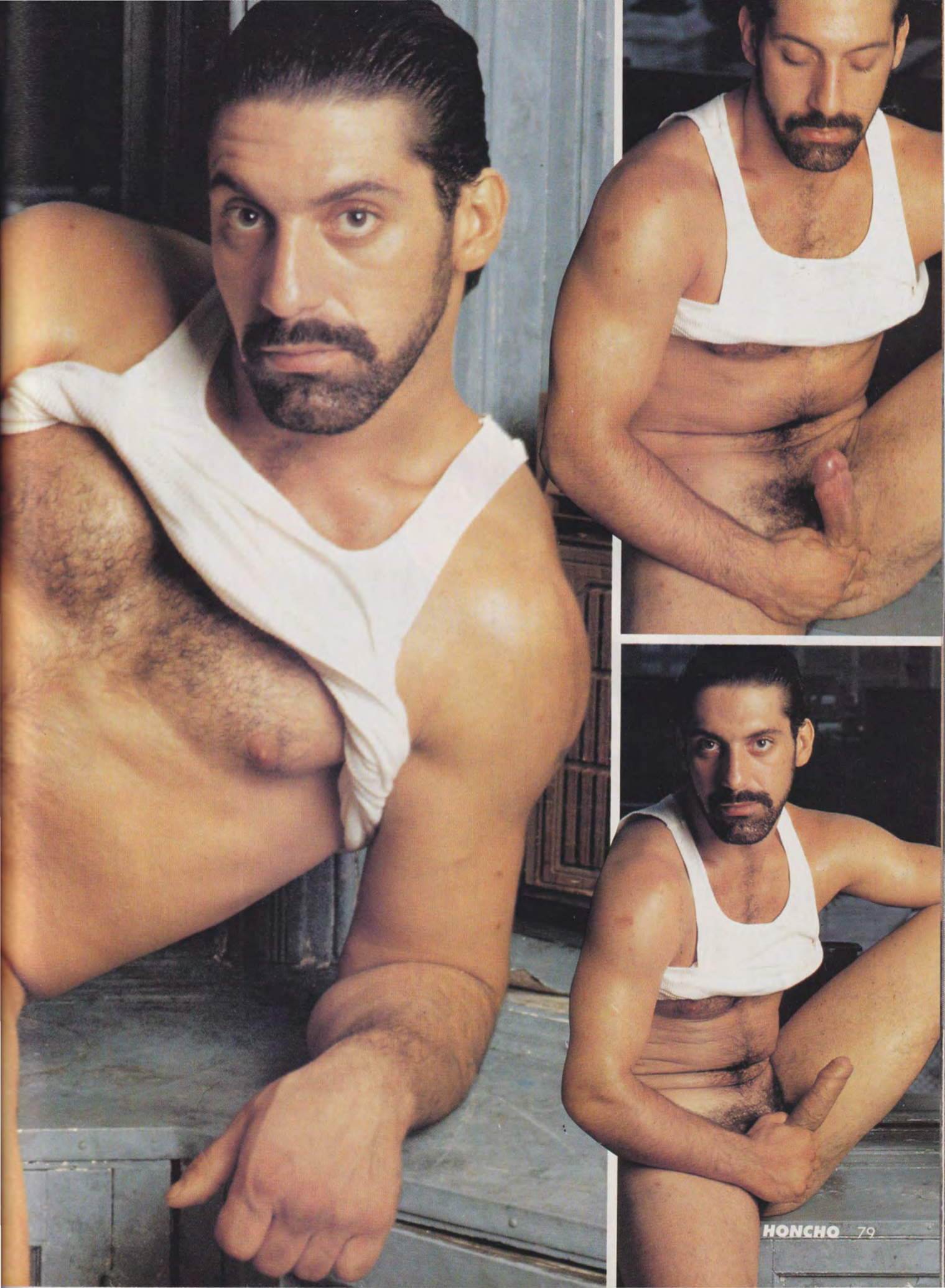

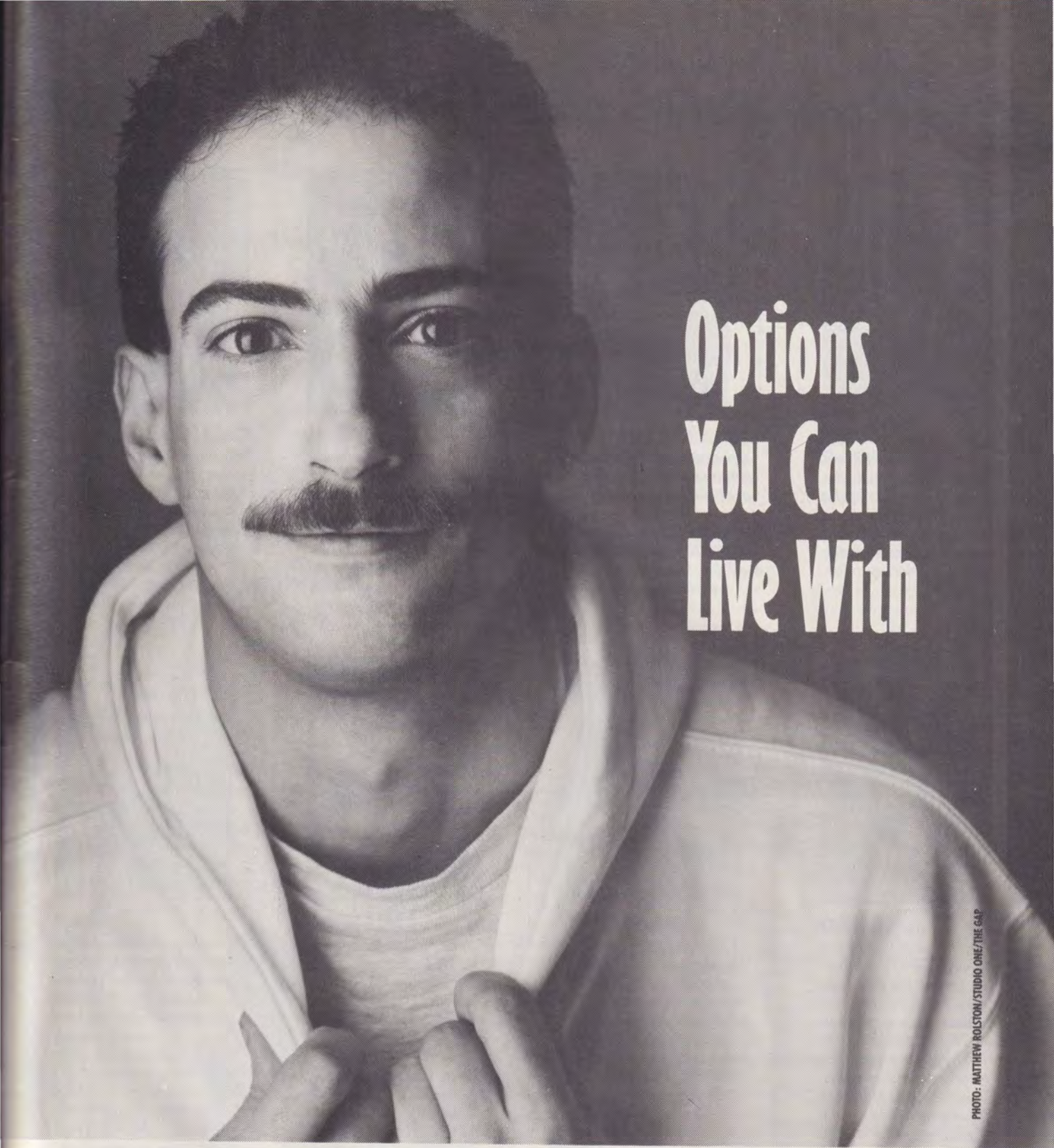

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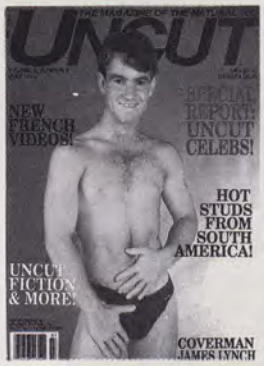

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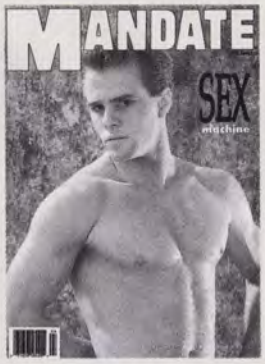

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mean the partners make an effort to alternate being the aggressive or dominant one in bed. Oftentimes that sort of equality is then reflected in the other aspects of a relationship."

AIDS: When it comes to AIDS and relationships, the most important thing a couple can do is communicate. "The first time I had sex with Rick," John says, "we spent almost the whole night talking about sex and AIDS first. After I'd told him my fears, then I didn't have to worry about them anymore. I could stop dwelling on unpleasant things and really enjoy the sex."

HIV-testing presents yet another important issue which all gay couples must confront. Concern for one's partner is, of course, involved. But whether or not to take the test is an extremely personal decision, one that should never be made simply as a result of pressure from one partner to another.

Competition: In this society, men are raised to be ultracompetitive—especially with each other. Contrary to popular belief, gay men are no less competitive than any other men and the urge to compete can arise in any number of areas: social, career, intellectual, athletic.

"A little competition can be good," Andy says. "It can even spur a person to accomplish things that he wouldn't have otherwise. But there reaches a point where too much competition can be unhealthy."

Intense competition within a couple is usually an indication of low self-esteem. When one or both parties becomes dissatisfied with himself or his life, he will often use competition as a way to bolster his waning self-confidence. Fortunately, self-esteem *can* be improved. But until the real issue (low self-esteem) is confronted, one's relationship will continue to suffer.

Communication: Though communication—or the lack of it—is a component of the other four challenges that male relationships must overcome, it's also a challenge in and of itself. Good communication is an essential part of all successful relationships and this means that both parties must effectively relate to each other what they're thinking and feeling. For couples with communication problems, counseling may be the best solution. If nothing else, it at least gets the partners talking to each other about their relationship. The counselor can then offer some impartial observations and advice about how the relationship might best proceed.

But one of the most important things a couple who's experienced turbulence in their relationship can do is to take a look at the real issue behind a lack of communication. For most couples, it's not that someone isn't expressing his thoughts or feelings well enough (most men are pretty good at this); it's that one or both partners isn't *listening*. Listening—*really* listening—is hard work. It's not something men traditionally are encouraged to do, but it's absolutely essential if a relationship is to survive.

Perhaps the best solution for couples having a difficult time communicating is for them to take turns talking. In other words, one partner talks for a certain amount of time—say, ten minutes—and his mate agrees not to respond at all, just to listen. With the pressure—and the option—to respond gone, the person has no choice but to really listen to what his lover is saying.

No relationship is easy to maintain, and being gay doesn't make it any easier. But given that gay lovers have already bucked social pressure by getting into relationships with same-sex partners in the first place, overcoming obstacles like money, sex, competition, and poor communication should be a piece of cake. ■

One thing couples shouldn't do—at least at first—is merge finances. It's a nice sentiment. But unless the relationship is a really solid one, the more wealthy of the two partners is bound to feel resentful that he's contributing more to the pot than the other.

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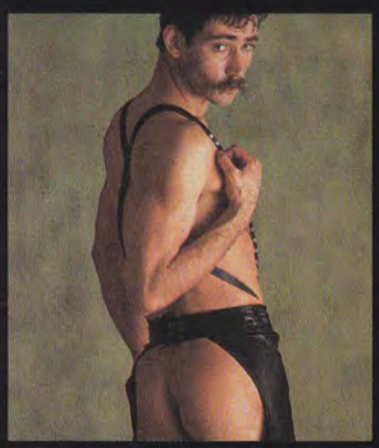

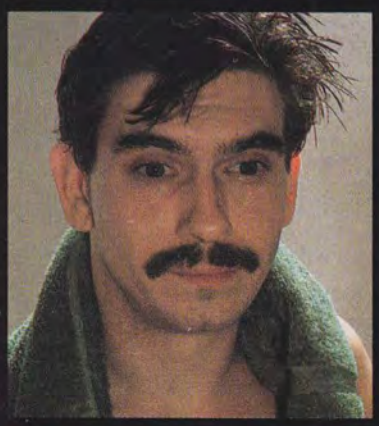

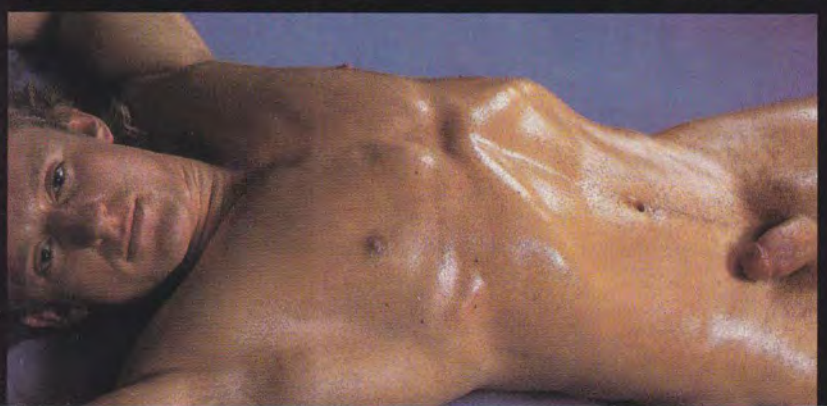

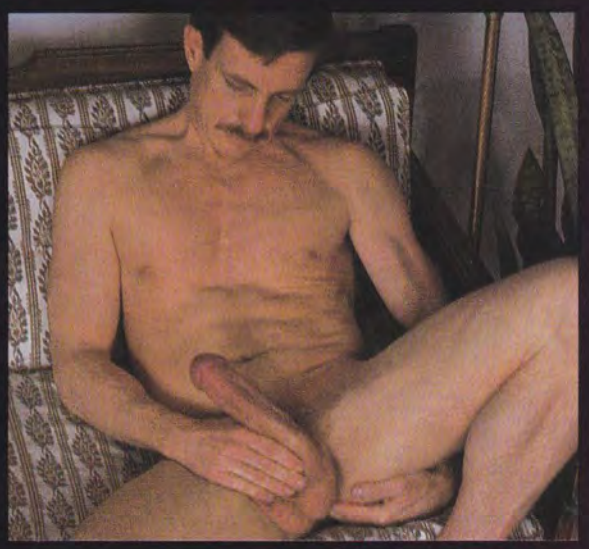

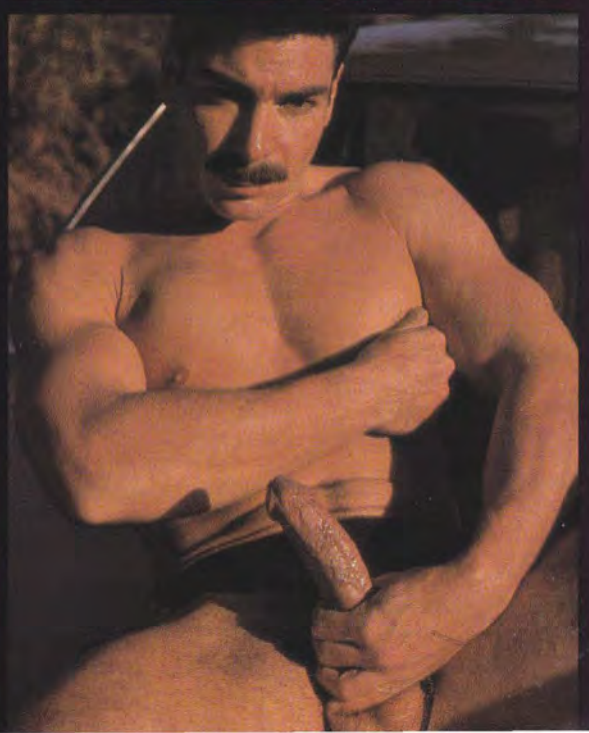

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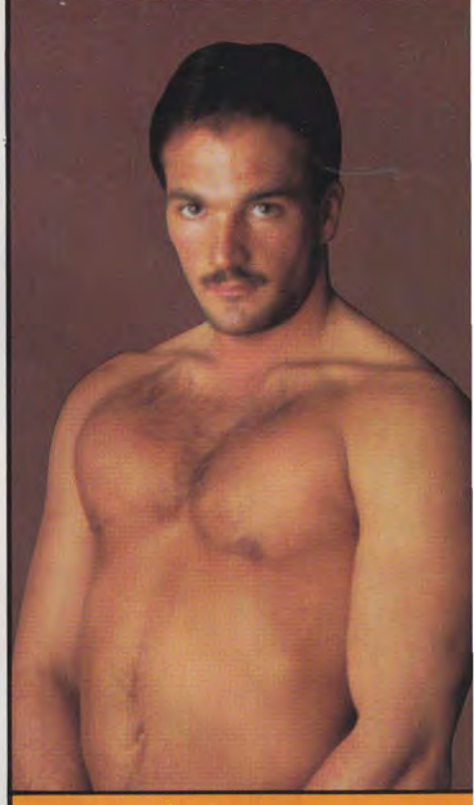

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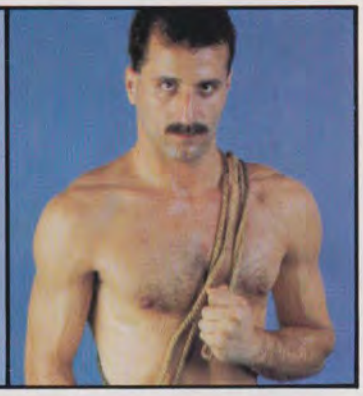

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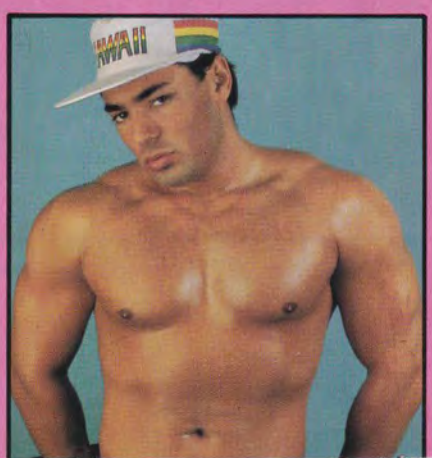

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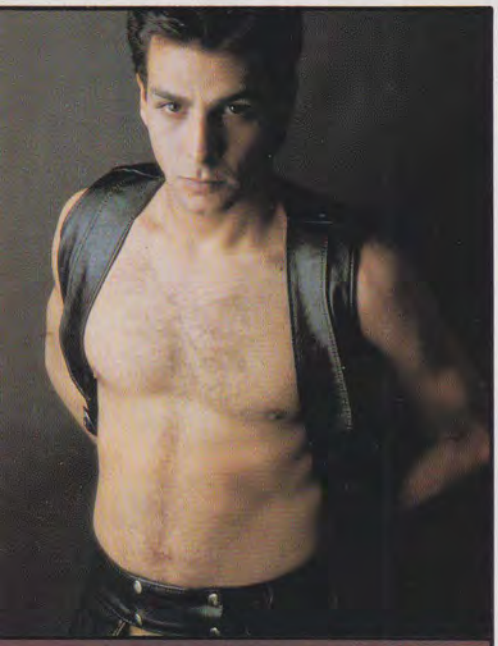

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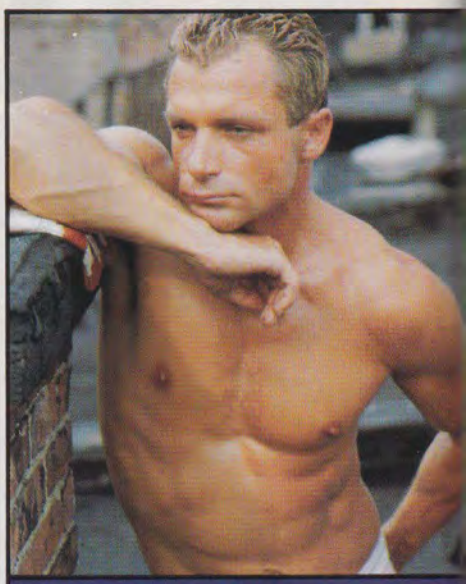

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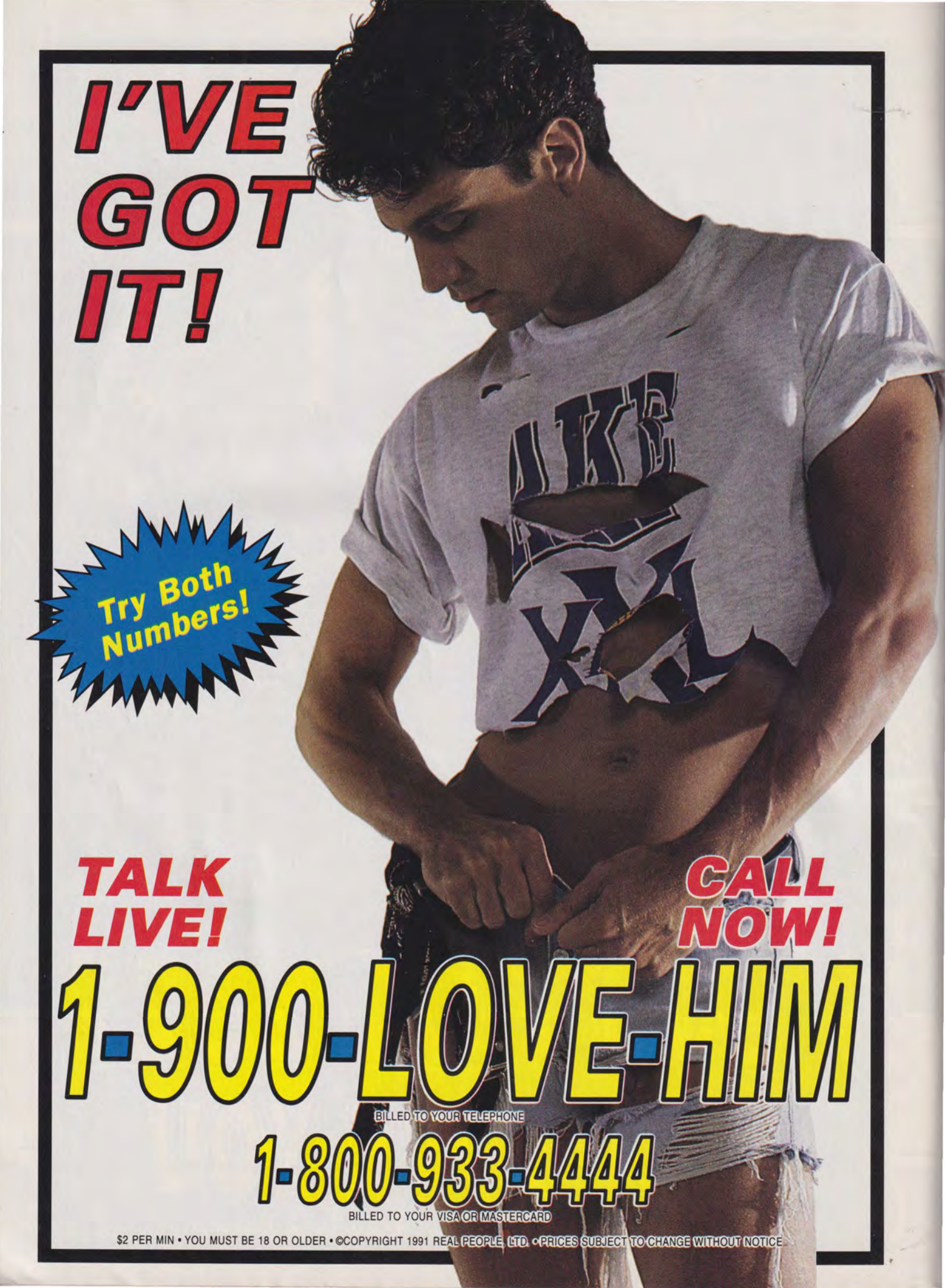
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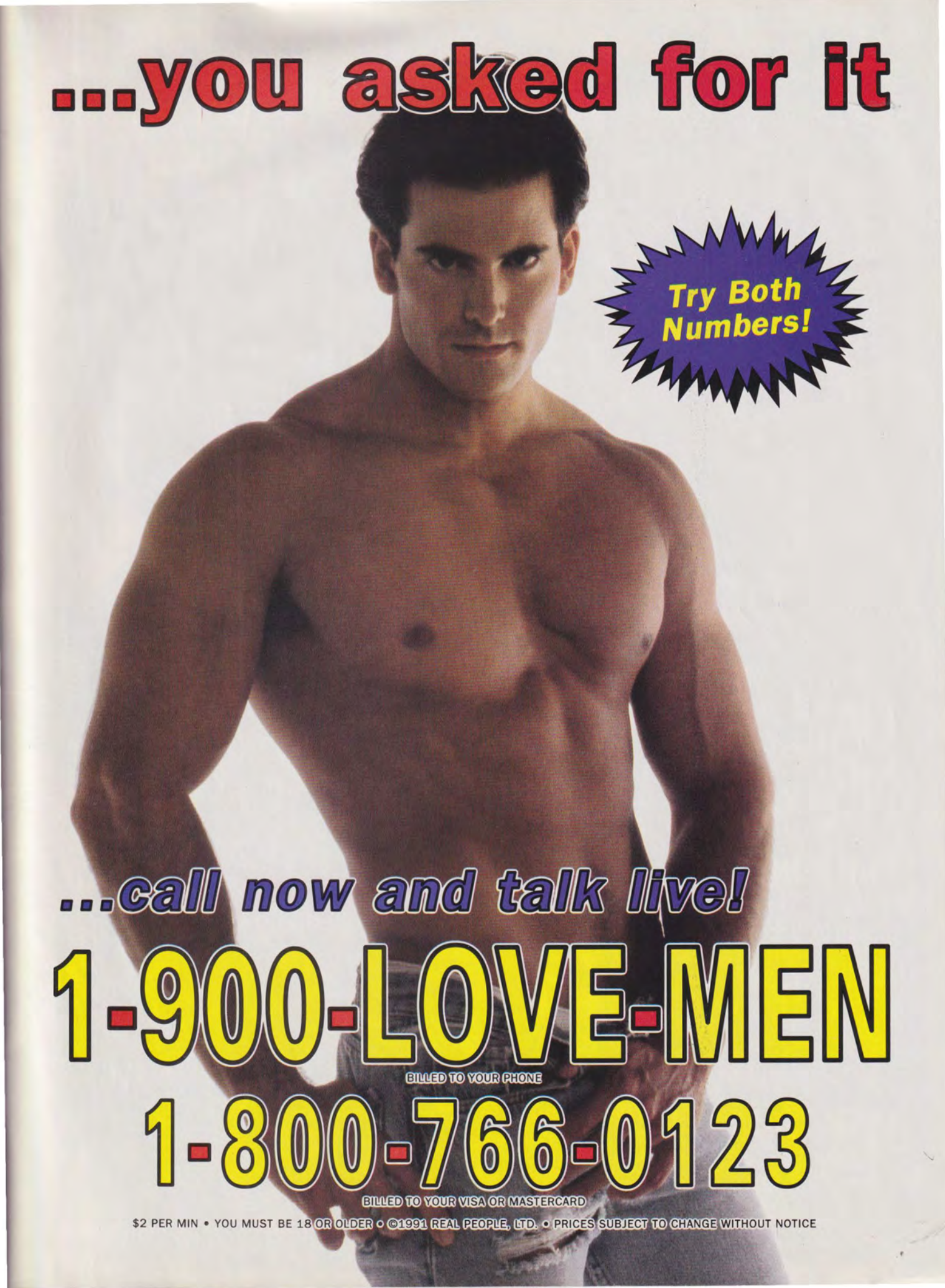
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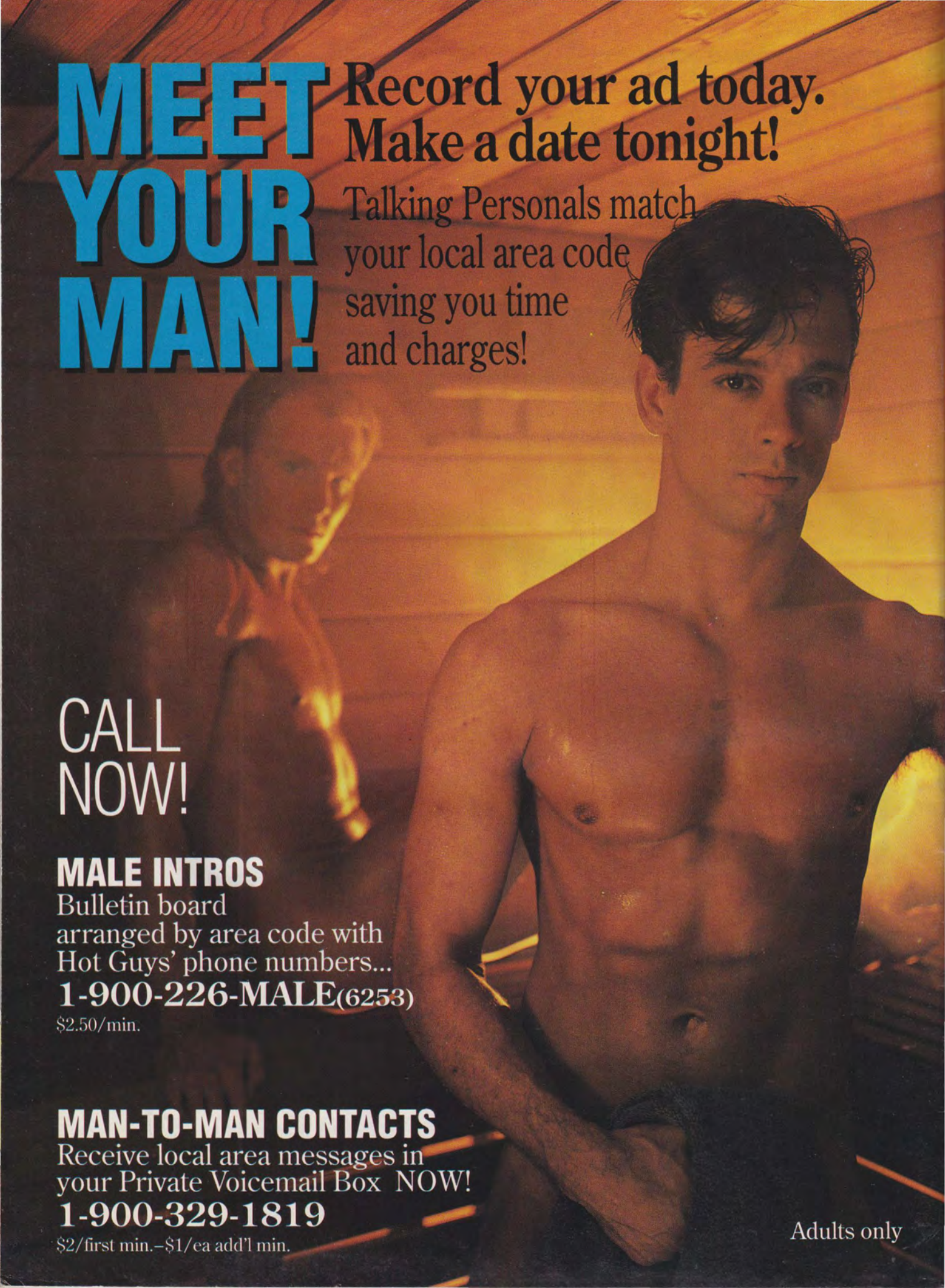
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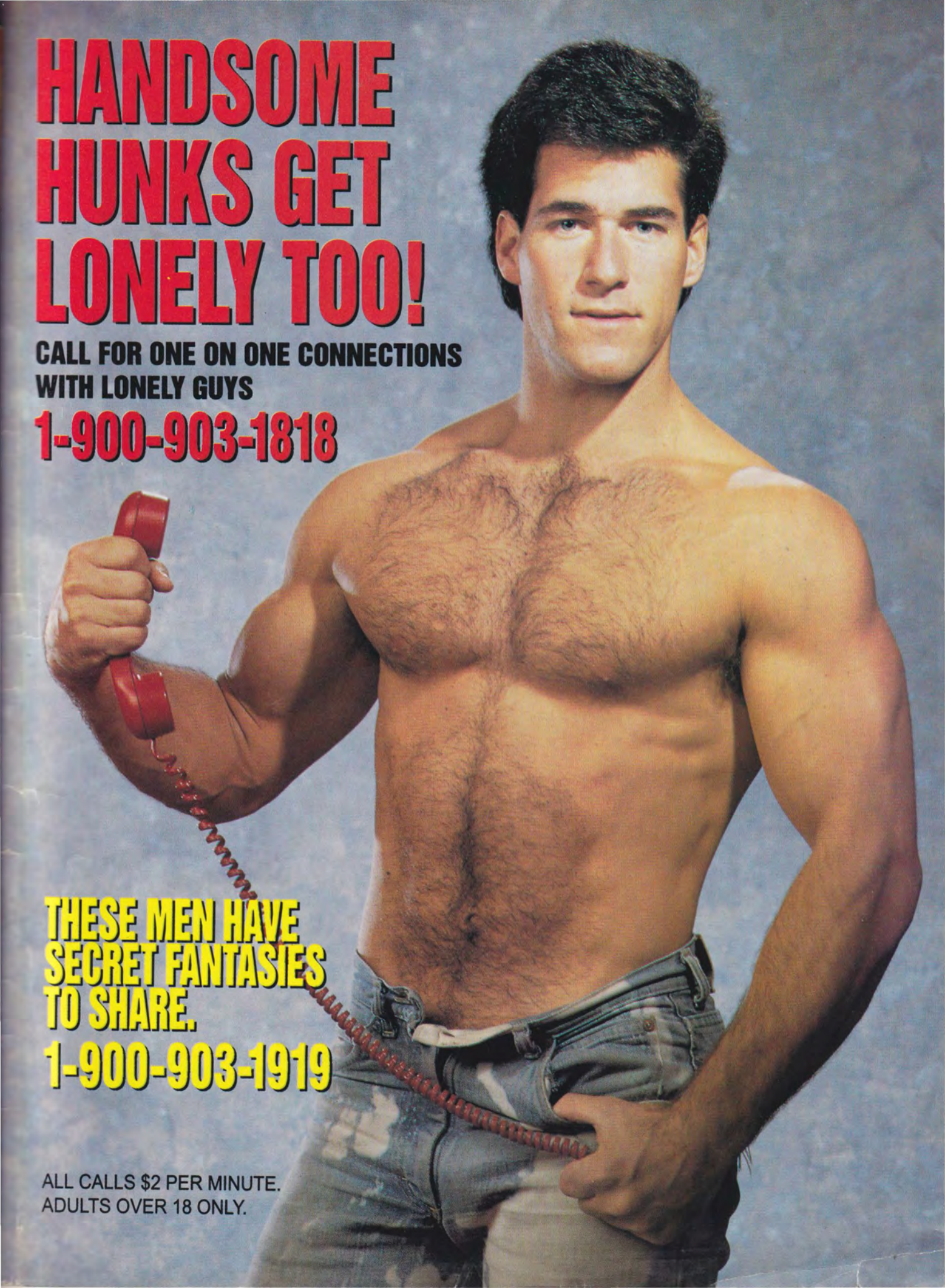
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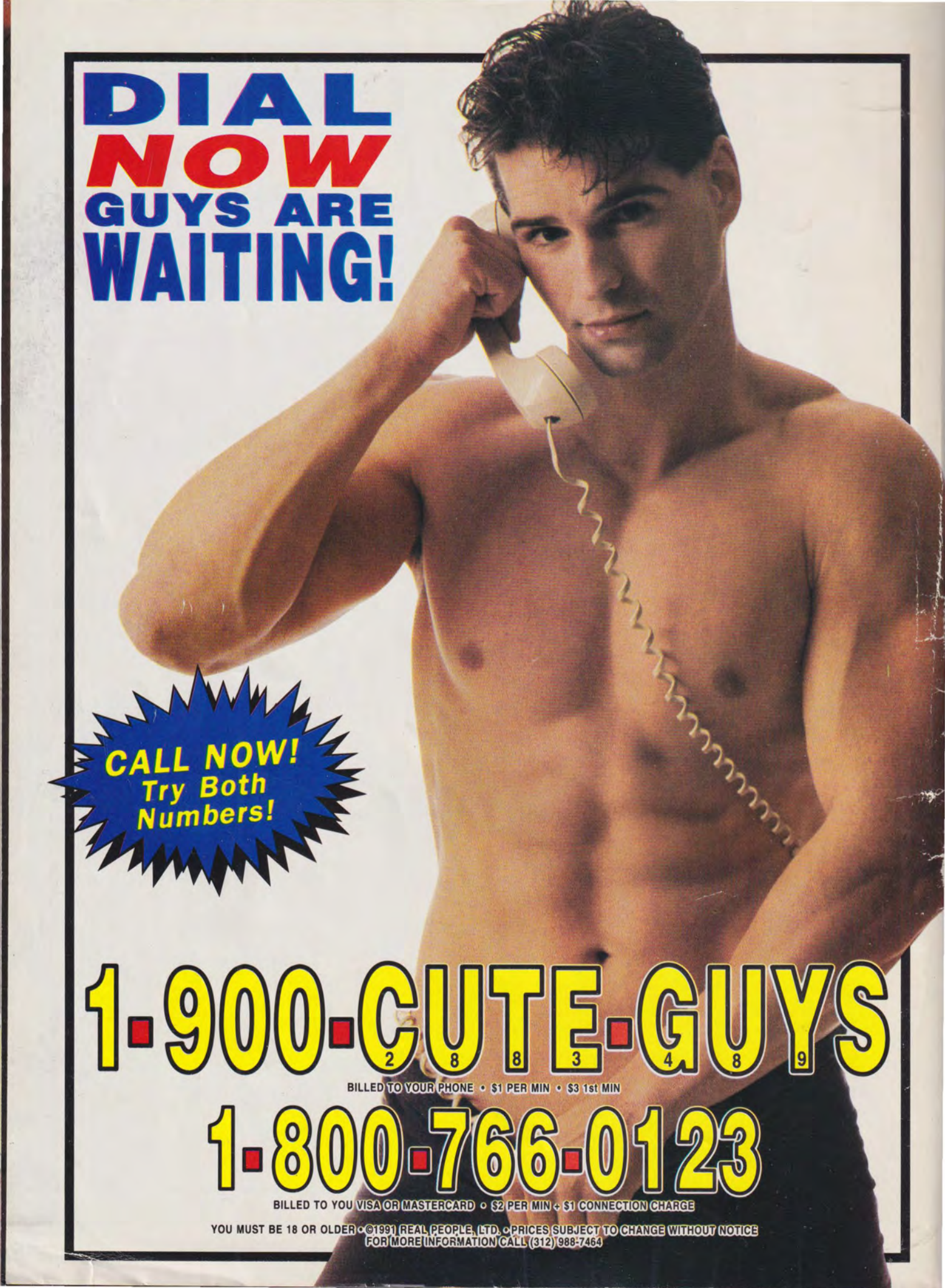
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